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CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

The life of colonial New England, resting upon the granite of puritan character, was richly provided with the elements of sincerity and strength, but was singularly devoid of the quality of charm. Two centuries of weathering were needed to disintegrate the rock, and cover it with a soil in which culture might take root and flourish. When the time came, the soil proved richly fruitful, and from it sprang the fine flowers of ethical order and exalted patriotism, of æsthetic feeling and literary art. With that efflorescence of the spirit of man in the new world, America first achieved a literature of its own, and adorned its annals with the names of Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, of Hawthorne and Lowell and Emerson. As compared with these names, the name of the quiet scholar who passed away at Cambridge on the twenty-first of October was less resounding in the world of publicity, but it does not seem too much to say that in penetrative influence upon American character the man who bore it was the peer of any of his contemporaries. We can think of no man who has embodied more fully and satisfactorily than Charles Eliot Norton the distinctive qualities of that idealism toward which we still believe, despite all discouragements, that our best self as a nation aspires.

Mr. Norton was born November 16, 1827, and consequently lived until his eighty-first year was all but completed. The trees of Shady Hill that waved over his cradle were the trees that filled the air with autumnal murmurs as he drew his last breath; for he was one of the few who in this country of ours have the double fortune of living to venerable age and of dying under the roof-tree that sheltered their infancy. The fact may be taken as symbolical of the steadfast continuity with which his fourscore years were devoted, with a singleness of purpose underlying all their variety of occupation, to the pursuit of essential virtue and truth and beauty. It was in or near his Cambridge home that he labored all the years of his active life, save for his brief period of faring abroad on business in early manhood, for his occasional European sojourns, and for his many summers at Ashfield, among the hills of western Massachusetts. And for the

last half-century Shady Hill has been sought out by the wise and good of other lands as the Mecca of their American pilgrimage, and by the fellow-countrymen, old and young, of the sage who lived there, for the sake of its gracious hospitality, and the inspiration of personal contact with its master.

As the son of Andrews Norton, himself identified with the college for fifty years, Charles naturally became a son of Harvard, and was graduated with the class of 1846, at the age of nineteen. Among his classmates were Child and Lane (later his colleagues), Fitzedward Hall and George Frisbie Hoar. The first few years after his graduation were spent in business, and in 1849 he went on a voyage to the East Indies as supercargo. But the commercial life did not attract him, and he soon took up his studies again. He found his chief interest in the history of art, and this subject necessarily took him to Europe for considerable periods. It was upon one of these European trips (in the mid-fifties) that he made Ruskin's acquaintance, in the cabin of an excursion boat making the trip from Vevay to Geneva. The account of this meeting, as given in Ruskin's "*Præterita*," is so charming that we will quote from it at some length.

"I noticed that from time to time the young American cast somewhat keen, though entirely courteous, looks of scrutiny at my father and mother.

"In a few minutes after I had begun to notice these looks, he rose, with the sweetest quiet smile I ever saw on any face (unless, perhaps, a nun's when she has some grave kindness to do), crossed to our side of the cabin, and addressing himself to my father, said, with a true expression of great gladness, and of frank trust that his joy would be understood, that he knew who we were, was most thankful to have met us, and that he prayed permission to introduce his mother and sisters to us.

"The bright eyes, the melodious voice, the simple, but acutely flattering, words, won my father in an instant. The New Englander sat down beside us, his mother and sisters seeming at once also to change the steamer's cabin into a reception room in their own home. The rest of the time till we reached Geneva passed too quickly; we arranged to meet in a day or two again, at St. Martin's.

"And thus I became possessed of my second friend, after Dr. John Brown; and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton.

"The meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one. Entirely sensible and amiable, all of them; with the further elasticity and acuteness of the American intellect, and no taint of American ways. Charles himself, a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind; observant and critical, rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness; a scholar from his cradle, nor only now a man of the world, but a gentleman of the world, whom the highest born and best bred of every nation, from the

Red Indian to the White Austrian, would recognize in a moment, as of their caste."

This characterization by a man of genius leaves little to be said, and serves particularly to illustrate that faculty for friendship which drew into Mr. Norton's intimacy many of the choicest spirits of his time. It would be interesting, did our space permit, to extend the quotation by Ruskin's whimsical speculations as to "what sort of soul Charles Norton would have become, if he had had the blessing to be born an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite, or a French Gentilhomme, or a Savoyard Count." For the writer makes it very clear that his new friend does not belong to America, being "as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory."

Mr. Norton's early connection with Harvard as a teacher took the form of an instructorship in 1851 and of a lectureship in 1863-4. It was not until ten years after this that he entered into his lasting relations with the College. Meanwhile, he married Miss Susan Sedgwick in 1862, and in the same year joined with Mr. Lowell in editing "*The North American Review*," an occupation which busied him for six years. He was also one of Mr. Godkin's associates in the early years of "*The Nation*" (begun in 1865), and during the years of the Civil War just preceding he acted as secretary of the Loyal Publication Society, compiling broadsides which strengthened the patriotic heart of the people in their struggle to preserve the nation. Even earlier than all this, he had been influential in bringing about the establishment of "*The Atlantic Monthly*," and was one of the contributors to its first number. Besides these literary activities, he had also found time to write two books, "*Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories*," and "*Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*," dated 1853 and 1859 respectively.

It was, then, with no mean record of scholarly achievement and public service that Mr. Norton, in 1874, at the age of forty-six, accepted the chair offered him at Harvard by his cousin the President. The chair was created for him, and he was styled Professor of the History of Art, but he interpreted art in a broad sense, and found in it as many implications as his friend Ruskin. It has been happily said that his real academic function was to serve as Professor of Things in General, by which is meant simply that his conception of art was so liberal, his sense of the inter-relationship of all cultural and social interests so lively, that he could not nar-

row his work to the mere discussion of æsthetic technicalities, but was perforce constrained to take within his purview all the deeper concerns of human existence. He so vitalized the academic spirit of the institution that he became easily its most popular teacher, and his classrooms were filled to overflowing. His winning manner, and the finished style of his discourse proved so attractive to the eager and ingenuous young men who thronged to his lectures that it became a problem to provide them with accommodation, and it was finally found necessary to reduce their numbers by restricting the courses to upper classmen. During the twenty-four years of his regular teaching, nearly all the students who went through Harvard were found in his classes at one time or another. It would be difficult to overestimate the extent of the influence which he thus exerted upon a whole generation of college students—an influence always exerted for sanity and restraint, for a correct appreciation of art and for the understanding of its correlation with life. As President Eliot once said: "Thousands of Harvard students attribute to his influence lasting improvements in their modes of thought, their intellectual and moral interests, and their ideas of genuine success and true happiness." The only book that resulted from these courses on the history of art was published in 1880, and was entitled "Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages."

During the eighties, he added to his work courses on Dante, imparting the results of his life-long study of the poet. As early as 1865, he had joined with Longfellow and Lowell in establishing a little Dante Club in Cambridge, which met Wednesday evenings, largely for the discussion of Longfellow's translation then in active preparation. Mr. Norton's own little book on the "Vita Nuova" (an essay with translations) had appeared in 1859, and his complete version of the work came out in 1867, accompanying his colleague's version of the "Divina Commedia." His own prose translation of the Comedy was given to the world in 1891-2. Not long afterwards he delivered a course of lectures on Dante on the Percy Turnbull Foundation at the Johns Hopkins University. These lectures have never been published, and it should be one of the first duties of his literary executors to see that they are made into a book.

Mr. Norton's editorial labors in connection with Carlyle, Ruskin, Lowell, and Curtis are not the least of his claims upon our gratitude. After Froude's mangled version of the Carlyle

correspondence, the family turned to Mr. Norton for redress, and there resulted "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" (1883), "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Goethe" (1887), and "Carlyle's Letters and Reminiscences" (1887). For the authorized "Brantwood" American edition of Ruskin, extending to about a score of volumes, but unfortunately far from complete, he wrote the prefatory essays in the several volumes. He was Lowell's literary executor, and gave us (1893) the "Letters of James Russell Lowell" in two volumes. A year later, he had prepared the three volumes of "Orations and Addresses" by George William Curtis, who was also one of his closest friends. He had a true genius for friendship, as these instances show, and as is also revealed in the published correspondence of Edward Fitzgerald, Leslie Stephen, and E. L. Godkin, to name only a few other examples. These warm relationships with his famous contemporaries have sometimes led to the ill-natured and unjust assumption that his reputation rests upon a parasitical basis. But no one who reads the letters which these men wrote to him could hold that opinion in good faith, or fail to discern the modest self-effacement which characterized his relations with them.

An important part of Mr. Norton's life is connected with the town of Ashfield, in western Massachusetts, where, with Curtis for a neighbor, he made his summer home for over forty years. He identified himself with the civic life of that little community of a thousand souls, and inspired it with his own ideals of good citizenship. His influence revived the moribund Academy of the town, and the institution of the Ashfield dinners, held annually in the town hall for a quarter of a century, made the place known the country over. He presided at these dinners, and when the homely fare had been disposed of, and the material man was at peace with the world, the spiritual man took his place, and discussed questions of high social and political import, under the leadership of the beloved presiding officer, and of the distinguished guests whom he had brought there to speak. "Ichabod" is now the word for Ashfield, but it will long remain an inspiring memory.

It was during the year of our wicked war with Spain and of our national orgy of iniquitous imperialism that Ashfield became best known to the country. Mr. Norton had no doubts upon the moral issues then involved, and no hesitation in condemning the course taken by his country in those disastrous years. His Ashfield address of August 25, 1898, stirred up a

storm of excitement, and brought upon his head the sort of villification which is always the lot of the far-sighted patriot who dares rebuke his fellow-citizens for their lapse from virtue. As early as June of that year, when he had just retired from his Harvard duties, and accepted the title of Professor Emeritus, he had spoken upon the same subject in Cambridge with no uncertain voice. He had said in closing:

"My friends, America has been compelled against the will of all her wisest and best to enter into a path of darkness and peril. Against their will she has been forced to turn back from the way of civilization to the way of barbarism, to renounce for the time her own ideals. With grief, with anxiety must the lover of his country regard the present aspect and the future prospect of the nation's life. With serious purpose, with utter self-devotion he should prepare himself for the untried and difficult service to which it is plain he is to be called in the quick-coming years."

The wisdom and sanity of that utterance will sometime receive general recognition. It was then the wisdom of a minority, but the decade that has since elapsed already shows signs of a reaction in the sense of that deliverance, and the "untried and difficult service" henceforth to be required of American citizenship will be more and more accepted as an obligation in the days to be.

The man who takes this position in the face of the angry Demos is sure to be called a pessimist, and the title is a badge of honor. The pessimists (in this sense) are about the only persons who have done any real good in the world. To Mr. Norton, the storm-cloud that burst in 1898 had long been gathering. Several years before he had written, in a private letter, of "these dark days when the advocates of culture and the maintainance of morality in politics find their best type in Mrs. Partington," and had added: "At any rate, let us use our brooms as briskly as we can till the tide quite drowns us out." But, however disheartened he grew under the pressure of events, he never lost faith in the future. And once writing to Godkin, he spoke of "the good old cause of civilization—the cause which is always defeated, but always after defeat taking more advanced positions than ever before." In his eightieth year, he said to a friend that if life were to be lived over again he thought, for his part, that he would like to live it in Chicago, because he seemed to see working there, in all the welter of vulgarity and commercialism, a power for good that would in time come to its own. Such hopefulness as that is surely no mark of pessimism in any rational meaning of the term.

Mr. Norton received honors that were fairly commensurate with his deserts. He was awarded the doctorate by numerous universities, including both Oxford and Cambridge. His name was one to conjure with wherever scholarship was held in esteem. His permanent memorial in Harvard is the Library which bears his name, provided by a fund collected in 1905 from over five hundred subscribers, and having as a nucleus his own private collection of books. Two things remain to be done in his further honor. One is the preparation of an adequate biography; the other is the collection of his widely-scattered writings. Of the first, we need only say that the recipient of such letters, addressed to him by such men as Ruskin, FitzGerald, Stephen, Lowell, and Godkin, as have already been published, must have given in measure no less rich than he received, and that the epistolary material for a biography is sure to be abundant. Of the second, we would urge that Charles Eliot Norton belongs to American literature, and that his rightful place among our authors is to be secured and perpetuated only by making generally accessible to readers the large mass of his writing now concealed in the files of periodicals, in editorial contributions to other men's books, and in his unpublished manuscripts. This pious duty should be entered upon at once, and its performance based upon the principle that whatever such a man had to say must be worth preserving.

CABBAGES AND ROSES.

The trend of modern thought has been to assert that cabbages are as admirable as roses—nay, that they are superior; for we can eat cabbages, whereas, like Du Maurier's poor musician, we do not habitually "live on roses." In almost all contemporary criticism this utilitarian idea crops up. We ought to admire, we are told, the creations of the modern fiction-monger, because he gives us people who are of use in the world—farmers, fishermen, doctors, engineers; because these are, as a rule, models of unselfish conduct, paragons who do their whole duty in this life. How superior they are, how much better fitted for our guidance and imitation, than the self-centred, imperious saviors or destroyers of mankind, the lords of ideal fiction,—Prometheus, Achilles, Hamlet, Lear, and their like!

The old literature saw everywhere hierarchies of spiritual and intellectual beings, of animate and inanimate objects. Some incarnations of humanity were greater, wiser, more splendid than others; some natural objects were more beautiful and perfect than the rest. The idea of fitness and appro-

priateness pervaded art. The heroines Ophelia or Belvidera had to go mad in white satin: now we put her in a patched frock and sabots.

It is certain that we are, all of us, striving for wealth, power, distinction, or rule. We prefer mansions to hovels, athletes to cripples, beautiful women to homely ones. The shop-girl dreams of being a duchess; the salesman imagines himself a hero. Why should not this universal, this saving instinct of mankind for what it deems the best find expression in literature? It has always done so before, and the finest figures of fiction are the embodiments of this human worship of greatness and beauty.

The extremes of life are the regions of supreme art. On the one side are the princes and potentates and powers and dominations of the world. It is hardly necessary to say that these need not be born in the purple, — but they must have heads upon which crowns of some kind naturally fall. On the other side are the creatures of the gulf and gloom, dark apparitions of poverty, madness, rebellion, and despair. Great art bridges the distance between these opposite worlds; it strides easily from Hyperion's palace to Job's dunghill; from Illyria's court to the tavern where Burns's Jolly Beggars are congregated; it discovers in one work Lear on his throne dealing out kingdoms, and the same personage crouching on the ground defenseless against the outrage of the elements. In the one case the artist deals with beauty and grandeur, — and poetry and romance come easily to him. In the other case he works with shadow and horror, and power is ready made to his hands. In both cases the subject is given to him and he has only to prove himself equal to it.

But there is a vast extent of life where the subject is not given to the artist, where he has, by mere handling, to make significant and interesting the ordinary and common happenings of mankind. This is the region of social comedy and the modern novel. Molière's work would be mainly of this kind were it not that the gods descend from their heights in the Misanthrope, and the gulf surges up from below in Don Juan, Tartuffe, and the Miser. Reacted upon by humor, this middle region of life can become a spectacle of power; painted merely for itself, it is likely to be monotonous, insipid, flat.

Vanessa said that Dean Swift could write beautifully about a broomstick. Our modern novelists do not often write as well as Swift, but their task is essentially to make something out of nothing — to dress up the broomsticks of ordinary life so that they shall seem animated and strong. It is creditable to their skill that they do very frequently produce such an illusion, but somehow their work has the trick of fading away before that of the creators who take the good the gods provide in the shape of great characters and actions.

For there is a difference in the quality of actions. These take color and grandeur from their settings and surroundings. Generally, things done, spec-

tacles presented on the stage of the world, are more impressive in the eye of mankind than those enacted in suburbs or purlieus. A young girl who works to support an aged mother or a crippled brother may have a heart as pure, a devotion as high, as Jeanne d'Arc; but the depth of spiritual monitions, the pomp of state and war, the terror of a fiery doom, lift the French maiden out of all comparison with humbler fates.

Modern writers are almost all humanitarians. It is an honor to their hearts that they are so — that they have taken up the cause of the down-trodden, the forgotten, the average human being. They have said to themselves that love and joy and pain and death are universal, — that there is no reason why a poor young clerk should not love with the passion of a Romeo, why a deserted girl of the streets should not feel as deeply as Marguerite, why any mother mourning over her dead should not be as great a figure as Niobe or Rizpah. And there is perhaps no reason, except that of fitness, if the author feels competent to supply three-fourths of the capital stock in such characters. If he feels that he can afford to throw away subject and rely entirely on handling, there is no reason why he should not do so.

For while sensation, feeling, emotion are universal, intellect is not universal. I am willing to concede that average or inferior human beings feel as deeply as beings of a higher grade; but they cannot express their feelings. They are inarticulate; and art, which is expression, rules out the inarticulate. Romeo is Romeo because of the magnificence with which he utters the litany of love. A Marguerite who could not sing of the King in Thule, or plead with her lover about religion, or utter the wonderful sentences of the dungeon scene, would be a failure. A Lear or a Timon without their kingly splendor of thought and speech would be inconceivable. But the modern novelist may say that he can dower his average or inferior character with thought and language of his own. Even if he can, there is the question of fitness. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the extremes of action and thought and speech which go to make up a great character in fiction would be ridiculous if brought into the milieu of the middle class.

The whole matter comes round to a question of subject. Are there any subjects, actions, themes, better than others? Are there any kind of personages more suited to exploitation in literature than the common ruck of mankind? Are there any surroundings — grandeurs or splendors of scenery, sunsets, storms, moonlight magnificences, architectural backgrounds, palaces, gardens, and the like — which help and heighten a work of art? In short, is there any real difference between cabbages and roses?

In one of the first and perhaps one of the most important of Matthew Arnold's critical pieces, the preface to his *Early Poems*, he deals with this question. The essay is a revolt against the mannered

detailed modern work in poetry—all foreground—and an appeal for the large masses and outlines of the ancients. Seize a great action, he tells the poet; approximate language will follow. It will—if the author is filled with the power of his theme, capable of being thrilled by its significance. Great actions are usually the results of great causes; they take place among those who have that stamp of intellectual superiority which, far more than emotional agitation, is the mark of the highest type of literary creation. Emotion must exist in them, but it must find vent in deeds and words which denote mental power. The modern novelist, in painting the average man and woman, is necessarily debarred from great actions. His sense of fitness keeps him from putting into the mouths of his characters that concentrated intellectual speech which was the privilege of the poets of the past. He tries to make up for these deficiencies by the analysis of character and of moods of mind. But just so far as he pushes this, his figures lose validity and vitality. They are seen to be puppets moved by himself—or, at the best, dissections of dead souls.

Life seen near at hand is mostly detail. The trivial, the unimportant, the commonplace, do not fall away and leave the masses and the meanings of the scene apparent. Real contemporary life, therefore, would seem to be suited mainly to comedy and social satire. Not until we get away from the foothills do the great mountains loom up. It is not that the heroic age is past—that there are no great souls, mighty intellects, wonderful actions, magnificent settings for deed and character to-day. All these things doubtless crowd the world. But just as the singular and superb figures and actions which gleam to us out of the past were in their own time obscured by rivals or inferiors, so with us our best is hidden and hustled away in the multitude of happenings. In this sense it may be said that the commonplace is the uncommon which has not yet been tested by time and space.

Practically, the great artists of literature who have brooded deepest over life have affected the distant or the past for their creations. They were not foolish enough to doubt that human life is always essentially the same; they did not really believe in any Age of Gold, or Day of the Gods. But they knew that to evolve tragedy, romance, poetry, they must get away from the garish light of their own hour. All the great epic poems are projections against the mists of antiquity. The great dramas are founded on traditions and legends of historical or immemorial past. Shakespeare has not one play of contemporary life—or if the Italian Comedies are contemporary, they get from remoteness what they lack in age. Again and again modern poets and romance writers have entered the grave of the past to resurrect it. Goethe and Schiller, the German Romantics, Scott, Byron, Rossetti, Hawthorne, Poe—one would have to call the roll of modern literature to name all who have, in the main, avoided their own day and their own

native life. To be sure, there are exceptions. Perhaps Hugo's *Les Misérables* is the most remarkable effort to find romance and tragedy at home. Is it successful? And are the Realists—the men and women of the last great revolt in literature, the artists who have refused to paint except direct from the model—are they successful? In comedy, in social satire, there can of course be no doubt: that is their province, and Jane Austen and a hundred successors must live in letters. But in tragedy, in romance, have the Realists, the greatest of them,—Balzac, Turgenieff, Zola, Tolstoi,—done anything that will last beside the work of the older schools? Time alone can tell. Yet these authors have one of the sources of power that I have indicated above: they dive into the depths and draw forth its creatures of gloom and horror. They deal little with average fairly-contented or happy humanity. If anything saves them from posterity, it will be their pessimism.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

AN EDUCATOR AND ADMINISTRATOR OF MORE THAN NATIONAL FAME was Daniel Coit Gilman, whose recent death was briefly noted in our last issue. Although we are inclined to identify him chiefly with the Johns Hopkins University, of which he was the first president and whose destinies he controlled for a quarter-century, his leadership in other good causes and large enterprises was enough to make him famous. His first educational position, after a thorough training at home and abroad, was the librarianship at Yale, to which he was appointed in 1855, at the age of twenty-four. But he soon transferred his interests and energies from the library to the class-room, being made professor of physical and political geography, and about the same time also secretary of the governing board of the Sheffield Scientific School. Two other offices, the superintendency of public schools and the secretaryship to the State Board of Education, fell to him before leaving New Haven, in 1872, to assume the presidency of the new University of California. His acceptance, three years later, of the task of shaping the first real university in this country,—“a place for the advanced special education of youth who have been prepared for its freedom by the discipline of a lower school,” in Dr. Gilman's own words,—and his splendid success in building up an institution that soon ranked with the old universities of Europe, are matters too familiar to need dwelling on here. The work of his last years as head of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, and his literary labors—chief of which is his “Life of James Monroe” in the American Statesmen Series—are less familiar to the public. Curiously enough, and perhaps somewhat unfortunately, Dr. Gilman's attention to matters of practical administration, to dealing with men and rubbing

elbows with the world, had developed in him a cast of countenance that bespoke shrewdness and hard common sense rather than profound learning and intimate acquaintance with the world of letters. Thus he sometimes failed of being credited with the scholarship, wide rather than deep, that he undoubtedly possessed. . . .

THE INIQUITOUS BOOK PUBLISHER, that cruel taskmaster who grinds the faces of poor authors and stubbornly refuses to conduct his business solely for the glory of literary art and the speedy emolument of writer-folk, plies his shameful trade from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand (with some allowance for poetic license), and from where Aurora first tints with pink the morning sky to where Phœbus's car descends afar in a blaze of glory into the western wave. The "Japan Times" prints an article deploring the yoke of poverty imposed by publishers on the necks of long-suffering authors, and announcing the formation of an association for diverting the stream of *yen* now pouring into publishers' pockets so that it shall henceforth empty into the purses of authors. "The Association," the writer proceeds, in language that we take pleasure in reproducing unaltered, "has been mooted under the name 'Fushin-kai' by Messrs. Kikutei Taguchi, Shunyo Yanagawa, and others. According to its prospectus, members shall produce one work each every year; the copyright shall be preserved by the Association, ten per cent of the proceeds from the sale of the book shall be granted to the author, and the remainder shall be appropriated to the funds of the Association. The principal object of proceeding funds is to render relief to members." All very beautiful, but incomplete. How about disastrous ventures? Will ten per cent of the losses on an unsuccessful book be collected from the author and the remainder deducted from the "proceeding funds" of the Association, or levied on its members? And is there to be any censorship or control of the works that the members are expected, willy-nilly, to produce, "one work each every year"? Brave schemes like this have flourished (in glowing prospectus) nearer home than Japan; but like the famous and (in all respects but one) admirable plan for belling the cat, their largeness of promise throws into total eclipse their meagreness of accomplishment. . . .

A GERMAN OSCAR WILDE, in the person of Franz Wedekind, is writing for the now world renowned "Chamber Theatre" in Berlin plays that are described as ultra-realistic, with strong leanings toward the erotic. The extreme realism is more properly Zolaesque, but interwoven are bits of epigram and repartee not unworthy of Oscar Wilde at his best. The theatre's revolving stage, with its seven faces for successive presentation to the audience, makes possible a bewilderingly rapid change of scene; so that many of Herr Wedekind's plays resemble, in the shortness of the segments into

which they are cut, the breathless and harrowing tales serially told in the cheap daily newspaper. Details of the realistic effects aimed at (and often hit) at the "Chamber Theatre" are given by Mr. C. Valentine Williams in "The Contemporary Review." The very rising of the curtain is attended with solemn ceremony. First a gong is sounded somewhere at the back of the stage,—one heavy, booming note. The attendants glide noiselessly to the doors and close them; the lights are slowly dimmed till darkness is produced; then the gong sounds again, and with a soft rustle the green silk curtains divide, the drop rises, and the play begins. As the faintest ray of daylight would spoil the perfect illusion, there are no matinées at the "Kammerspielhaus"; and, moreover, calls before the curtain are forbidden, lest the charm should be broken. Besides Wedekind, Ibsen and Maeterlinck are played at this theatre. "Ghosts" is said to have been presented with a faithfulness of detail, a perfection of acting, and a ruthlessness of subtle finesse, that were positively wrenching. On the whole, the reported plans and purposes of this Berlin enterprise had raised hopes of rather better and worthier things than are now described by eye-witnesses. But the stage rarely rises to a level higher than the public on which it depends for support. The "Chamber Theatre" is unendowed, its managers are human, they have their bills to pay,—so what could one expect? . . .

DANTE IN OMARIAN QUATRAINS would have at least, amid the countless translations of the *Divina Commedia*, the quality of novelty. The Rev. Dr. William Wilberforce Newton is said to be now engaged upon a new version of the poem, wherein he makes use of the four-line stanza rendered so familiar to all the world by FitzGerald and his imitators and parodists. Not the entire poem, however, is to be thus rendered, considerable portions being modelled somewhat after the plan of the Greek chorus. Will it be possible to read any of Dante's lines in the metre of Omar and still feel that one is reading Dante? Take, for instance, the very opening stanzas, which Dr. Newton has thus turned into English:

"Dark was the wood and devious was the way
When in life's journey towards the close of day,
Midmost twixt youth and age, a stubborn path
Beguiled my feet that were not used to stray.

"How hard a thing in truth it is to tell
The rough and cruel steps I took! The spell
Of terror worse than death which o'er me hung
The while I loitered in this wooded dell.

"Ah! bitter was that fear, enmeshed with Fate!
E'en Death itself seemed like a kindlier state.
Yet what I saw when from the light I turned,
And all the good I found, I will relate."

There is much that is novel in Dr. Newton's plan of an English Dante, and we hope he will see fit to publish his work—the occupation and recreation of many leisure hours; but the feeling that he is in

some sense infringing on FitzGerald's patent must be more or less present with his readers. Such, at any rate, has been our feeling in reading the few excerpts which have come to our notice.

...

THE ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED OR WOULD-BE NOVELISTS responded nobly to the hundred-guinea prize lately offered by Mr. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, for the best first novel (first by its author) submitted to him. This offer is said to have brought forth a stream of type-written matter estimated at eighteen miles in length—a result at once pitiful, pathetic, and amusing. Excepting a small fraction of a furlong, all those miles of innocent white paper, bescribbled with comedies and tragedies, with heroisms and villainies, with plots and counterplots, were to no purpose, except possibly to teach the deceitfulness of human hopes. The fortunate fraction, entitled "The Woman and the Sword," is from the pen of one Rupert Lorraine, who, by his coy reluctance to grant the publisher a personal interview, and by other marks of shyness, excites one's suspicions that "Rupert Lorraine" (happy commingling of linguals and dentals, with one labial to give snap to the whole) may be a pseudonym, and also that the modestly shrinking Rupert may be a woman. The story, however, whatever its authorship, is to be published very soon, and is to be made the basis of still further prize offers,—for the best telegraphic criticism, not exceeding twelve words, of its merits (and defects?), for the best limerick inspired by its pages, and for the best imaginary portrait of the reticent Rupert.

...

MISCORRECTIONS OF MISQUOTATIONS are sometimes amusing; but there is one in the October number of "The Author" that surprises and puzzles more than it amuses. A correspondent, apparently well-read and not unused to handling a pen, takes issue with "C. K. S." (even cis-Atlantic readers will recognize who is meant) on the literary ethics involved in a recent case in the English courts, and shows his approval of the court's decision that literary work should not be liable to "rehash on the part of irresponsible editors." The writer then adds: "But the many lovers of FitzGerald must have squirmed at so hideous a misquotation as fell from the lips of the great *littérateur* during the progress of the case. . . . 'Ah, take the cash in hand, and let the credit go,' 'C. K. S.' was reported to have said, which does not so correctly interpret his attitude towards literary work as what FitzGerald really wrote: 'Ah, take the cash in hand, and waive the rest.'" If this last is a variant reading of the third line of FitzGerald's thirteenth quatrain, it is certainly an unfamiliar one. This volunteered correction from one signing himself "Omar," together with the incorrect form of FitzGerald's name, makes one wonder whether the Tent-maker and his English translator are already falling into oblivion in England.

AN ENGLISH READER OF THE DIAL seems angered by the examples of misquoted poetry taken from a prominent London weekly and printed in a recent issue, and he retorts, with little logic and no signature, that the locution "from whence," which appears in the same paragraph, is "ignorant usage" such as "a third form schoolboy would be flogged" if guilty of. The schoolboy might offer in defense that the phrase appears in the works of standard English authors, and that the International Dictionary says of it: "From whence is fully authorized by good usage." But this would probably increase, rather than allay, the anger of our pleonastic friend.

COMMUNICATIONS.

DID ST. PETER "PETER OUT"?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your latest issue is a discussion of the source of the expression "peter out." The dictionaries throw no light on the subject. Perhaps that is because the etymology of the phrase is so obvious, particularly to anybody who has a tolerable familiarity with the Bible. You will remember that Peter denied Christ. He "Petered out" in the most shameful way at a critical time in the life of the great teacher. There is no chance for the learning of the scholars in this matter. The thing is obvious on its face.

CLINTON B. EVANS.

Chicago, October 20, 1908.

THE ORIGIN OF "PETER OUT."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the matter of "peter-out," passing the almost too obvious suggestion of Peter's weakness at the trial of Jesus, for this recent phrase we seek a modern origin. Peter was a fisherman; hence he was early taken as the patron saint of that craft. The guild of Fishmongers in London has the cross-keys of St. Peter in its armorial bearings. It is not strange, then, if Peter and fish are often found together in phrase and fable. The haddock is named in France *morue de Saint Pierre*, bearing on his shoulders two dark spots that show where the saint pinched him when he took the tribute coin from his mouth; and elsewhere the "John-dory" is a *peterfish* with the same tradition. Hunting for an etymology in a Danish dictionary, I ran upon the singular fact that a "Peterman" is a fisherman; and Halliwell, Wright, and Hotten say the same thing; but Hotten limits this use of the word at the present time to Gravesend on the Thames.

A "peterboat" is defined in the Standard Dictionary as a fishing-boat pointed alike at both ends; also, a crate to float in the water and keep fish alive: said to be a "local U. S. usage." The Webster International does better: "A peterboat is a fishing-boat sharp at both ends." Halliwell (Arch. and Prov. Engl., edit. 1855) says, "A boat which is built sharp at each end and can therefore be moved either way." He calls it a Suffolk word, from the east coast of England. Wright agrees on this. But hear Admiral W. H. Smyth of the Royal Navy (of whose many books see Allibone): "Peterboat

a fishing-boat of the Thames and Medway, so named for St. Peter, the patron of fishermen. . . . These boats were first brought from Norway and the Baltic. They are generally short, shallow, sharp at both ends, with a well for fish in the centre [here is the Standard's crate], 225 feet over all, and six feet beam" (Sailors' Wordbook, 1867, s. v.). Notice that all these definitions put stress on the sharpness of the ends of the boat. Here then is the original of "peter-out," to grow small or thin.

Hotten (Slang Dictionary, 1865) defines the verb, "to peter, to run short or give out." Bartlett (Dictionary of Americanisms, edit. 1877) says, "To peter out, to exhaust, to run out." He quotes two examples, — from the Boston Post, 1876, "the mines were petered out," making the verb passive, or like *is gone, is fallen*; from the N. Y. Tribune, "the influence of the Hon. — seems to have quite petered out."

But I first heard "peter-out" nearly twenty years earlier, in 1858, from a New Hampshire man. He had been on a farm, and later in a printing-office in Dover, a river city; still later he was among the lumbermen of Minnesota. The word in his mind had no relation to mining. This fact, and Hotten's definition in 1865, prove that the Standard Dictionary certainly errs in defining the word as primarily a mining term. It says: "In mining, to thin out, become exhausted: said of a vein or seam: and used with *out*: colloquially extended to anything that fails, or loses its power, efficiency, or value." On the contrary, the phrase was extended to mining from its wider sense. The definition in the Webster International is correct, but is plainly made up from Bartlett; and it is erroneously marked "Slang, U. S." But I have shown that it is English in origin. As *peterboat* preceded *peter out*, I am warranted in deriving the verb from the tapering shape of the boat, thin and sharp.

There are two other verbs that I should notice: (1) *peter*, to act the Peter Funk at an auction, making fictitious bids; this is purely American; (2) the English *pether* (Wright, Prov. Dict., and Halliwell), "to run; to ram; to do anything quickly or in a hurry." This is in use in America; for instance, "I'm gwine to peter down to Washington" (Chicago Evening Post, 1871).

SAMUEL WILLARD.

Chicago, October 24, 1908.

A QUESTION OF MISQUOTATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In regard to the misquotation of an extract from "The Rainy Day," commented on in the "Communications" department of your last issue, where an English writer is accused of making seven errors in quoting two lines from Longfellow's familiar poem, I notice that four of the errors are caused by the substitution of the last line of the third stanza of the poem (correctly quoted) for the last line of the first stanza, which is thus incorrectly quoted. That is, four of the seven words that are wrong are really Longfellow's, and appear elsewhere in the poem.

H. W. F.

Cambridge, Mass., October 26, 1908.

[It is true that the substitutional words appear elsewhere in the poem. They appear also in the dictionary.—EDR. DIAL.]

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE WORKINGMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Referring to the paragraph on page 202 of THE DIAL of October 1, giving an account of the "Boston cabman of literary tastes," it occurs to me that your readers might be interested in seeing a list of books which one of our branch librarians recently reported to me as having been read by a worker in the Wolverine Brass Works in this city. It is the purpose of this enterprising workingman to take up the history of all the countries in a similar way. This is his list: Prescott, "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru"; Donnelly, "Atlantis"; Young, "Rome"; Hudson, "Greece"; Okey, "Story of Venice"; Crawford, "Salve Venetia"; Myers, "General History"; Breasted, "History of Egypt."

I am sure such a list might be paralleled by other libraries if they keep track of what individuals are reading.

SAMUEL H. RAUCK, Librarian.

Grand Rapids Public Library, October 20, 1908.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Enclosed please find a communication which is called forth by an article lately appearing in the public press, attacking the administration of the University of Illinois. The Senate of this University consists of the whole body of full professors, and may be presumed to voice the University sentiment in any matter it takes action about. It will be seen that this body has adopted an absolutely unqualified vote of confidence in the President of the University and his administration of University affairs. If you will kindly give this communication a place in your columns, you will confer a favor on the Faculty of the University of Illinois.

ARTHUR H. DANIELS,

Professor of Philosophy, Secretary of the Senate.

Urbana, Illinois, October 16, 1908.

At a meeting of the Senate of the University of Illinois, held Thursday afternoon, October 15, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, There is ground for apprehending that recent articles in the press may lead the public to think that academic freedom is suppressed or interfered with at the University of Illinois by the President, or that tenure of office is insecure because of autocratic administration; therefore, without entering at all into a discussion of the case referred to in said article, be it

Resolved, By the Senate of the University of Illinois (a body which includes all heads of departments and full professors in the University), that it is our belief that each member of the faculty has entire freedom of opinion; that he is free to express his opinions on all matters of University administration and educational policy to his colleagues and to the President without interference and without fear that it will endanger his position.

Resolved, That we hereby express our confidence in the President of the University and our conviction that he administers his high office as a colleague rather than as a superior.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the University Senate the course of the administration has been such as to stimulate to a marked degree the higher scientific and educational interests of the University.

Resolved, That as members of the faculty we assure the President of our loyal and hearty support in the varied and difficult responsibilities imposed upon him as the executive head of this University.

The New Books.

A WOMAN IN UNKNOWN LABRADOR.*

Few books of exploration have commanded so wide an interest, on the part of such varied classes of readers, as Mr. Dillon Wallace's "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" and "The Long Labrador Trail." In the former, Mr. Wallace told of the unsuccessful attempt, in 1903, of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., himself and an Indian guide named George Elson, to traverse the interior of Labrador northward. Starvation was Hubbard's fate; Wallace narrowly escaped the same death after struggling heroically to save his leader and comrade; the Indian guide, with centuries of endurance as his heritage, succeeded in reaching a settlement and sending aid — in time for Wallace, too late for Hubbard. In the second book Wallace related his successful attempt (two years later), inspired by the example of his friend, to accomplish the task that Hubbard had undertaken.

It would be curious to appraise at their true value the elements of these narratives which have led to their wide circulation. In point of scientific value, neither can be compared with scores of travel books — notably, recent volumes of Arctic exploration. Probably the true reasons for the far-spread interest they awakened were, first, their appeal to the average, active, out-of-doors sort of man as the narrative of an adventure within the range of his own foresight, fortitude, and strength; and, second, the tense dramatic style of the narrator, and the intimate, elemental and deeply tragic events of the first book, and to a lesser degree of the second.

Now, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., gives us the narrative of her own successful effort to complete her husband's unfinished work in order that his name "should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much." To the story of her journey she appends the diary of her husband from the outset of his trip to the time he fell asleep forever, and the narrative of George Elson, his guide, covering his own experiences on that first fatal trip. The book is very fully illustrated; there are excellent portraits of Mrs. Hubbard and her husband, and a map which enables the reader to follow every weary portage, every night's camp, and almost every dip of

the paddle that carried this courageous woman through the wilderness.

Mrs. Hubbard started by canoe from the Northwest River post, at the head of Groswater Bay, June 27, 1905 (not July 27, as an inexcusable typographical error on page 24 would have us believe). Her companions were four in number — Elson, who had been her husband's guide; Joseph Iserhoff, a Russian half-breed; Job Chapies, a pure-blood Cree Indian; and Gilbert Blake, a half-breed Eskimo boy trapper, — the last, unlike the others, a resident of Labrador. Her outfit included two canvas-covered canoes, nineteen feet long, thirteen inches deep, and thirty-four inches wide, and with each of them three paddles and a sponge. The remainder of the outfit consisted of two balloon-silk tents, one stove, seven waterproof canvas bags, one dozen ten-pound waterproof balloon-silk bags, three tarpaulins, 392 pounds of flour, four pounds of baking powder, fifteen pounds of rice, twenty cans of standard emergency rations, twelve pounds of tea, twelve pounds of chocolate, sixty pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of erbswurst, one ounce of crystalose, four cans of condensed milk, four cans of condensed soup, four pounds of hard-tack, two hundred pounds of bacon, fourteen pounds of salt. She had also kitchen utensils, three small axes, one crooked knife, and two nets. The firearms were two rifles — a 45-70 with sixty rounds of ammunition, and a 38-55 with a hundred rounds. Each of the men had a 22 calibre single-shot pistol for small game, a pair of light wool camp-blankets, and an extra pair of "shoe-packs." Mrs. Hubbard was, of course, provided with a revolver, fishing-tackle, kodaks, films, a sextant, and an artificial horizon. With naive femininity she says:

"I wore a short skirt over knickerbockers, a short sweater, and a belt. . . . My hat was a rather narrow brimmed soft felt. I had one pair of heavy leather moccasins reaching almost to my knees, one pair of high sealskin boots, one pair low ones, and three pairs of duffel. Of underwear I had four suits and five pairs of stockings, all wool. I took also a rubber automobile shirt, a long Swedish dog-skin coat, one pair leather gloves, one pair woolen gloves, and a blouse — for Sundays. For my tent, I had an air mattress, crib-size, one pair light camp blankets, one light wool comfortable weighing 3½ lbs., one little feather pillow, and a hot-water bottle."

From Grand Lake Mrs. Hubbard passed into the Nascapsee River without difficulty, but not without thoughts of the dreadful error which had led her husband's party to pass by its outlet and enter the fatal Susan River, five miles beyond. By canoe and portage she followed the

*A WOMAN'S WAY THROUGH UNKNOWN LABRADOR. AN Account of the Exploration of the Nascapsee and George Rivers. By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. Illustrated. New York: The McClure Co.

northwesterly course of the Nascaupsee, leaving it only for the long portage to Seal Lake, which she reached in three weeks, the distance covered being a hundred and fifteen miles. From Seal Lake the Nascaupsee River carried her westerly to Lake Michikamau—Lake Michikamau, which her husband had been destined to see, but never to reach, ere he turned discouraged backward for the desperate struggle to reach the coast before winter. Through Michikamau her route was northward again to Lake Michikamats, and thence by a chain of small lakes to the very source of the Nascaupsee and the George River, the height of land from which she would thenceforth travel downward instead of upward, though northward still, her hopes and fears now centred on reaching Ungava Bay. She had now travelled three hundred miles. Her journey had been one of compelling interest; she had found Labrador beautiful, "with a strange, wild beauty, the remembrance of which buries itself silently in the deep parts of one's being." In the beginning, she says, there had been no response to it in her heart; but gradually, in its silent way, it had won, "and now was like the strength-giving presence of an understanding friend." She had not experienced hardship. Weariness and discomfort she had met with determined good-humor and optimism.

The northward descent, the second half of the journey, was made on the George River, and the descriptions of its rapids are among the best in the book. Near one of the lakes of the upper George, Mrs. Hubbard had the good fortune to witness the migration of the caribou, which she thus describes:

"We pushed on, keeping close to the west shore of the lake. Little more than a mile further up, the men caught sight of deer feeding not far from the water's edge. We landed, and climbing to the top of the rock wall saw a herd of fifteen or more feeding in the swamp. I watched them almost breathless. They were very beautiful, and it was an altogether new and delightful experience to me. Soon they saw us, and trotted off into the bush, though without sign of any great alarm! George and Job made off across the swamp to investigate, and not long after returned, their eyes blazing with excitement, to say that there were hundreds of them not far away. Slipping hurriedly back into the canoes, we paddled rapidly and silently to near the edge of the swamp. Beyond it was a barren hill, which from near its foot sloped more gradually to the water. Along this bank, where this lower slope dropped to the swamp, lay a number of stags, with antlers so immense that I wondered how they could possibly carry them. Beyond, the lower slope of the hill seemed to be a solid mass of caribou, while its steeper part was dotted over with many feeding on the luxuriant moss.

"Those lying along the bank got up at sight of us, and withdrew toward the great herd in rather leisurely

manner, stopping now and then to watch us curiously. When the herd was reached, and the alarm given, the stags lined themselves up in the front rank and stood facing us, with heads high, and a rather defiant air. It was a magnificent sight. They were in summer garb of pretty brown, shading to light grey and white on the under parts. The horns were in velvet, and those of the stags seemed as if they must surely weigh down the heads on which they rested. It was a mixed company, for male and female were already herding together. I started toward the herd, kodak in hand, accompanied by George, while the others remained at the shore. The splendid creatures seemed to grow taller as we approached, and when we were within two hundred and fifty yards of them their defiance took definite form, and with determined step they came toward us.

"The sight of that advancing army under such leadership was decidedly impressive, recalling vivid mental pictures made by tales of the stampeding wild cattle in the west. It made one feel like getting back to the canoe and that is what we did. . . . We and the caribou stood watching each other for some time! Then the caribou began to run from either extreme of the herd, some round the south end of the hill, and the others away to the north, the line of stags still maintaining their position. . . . A short paddle carried us round the point . . . and there we saw them swimming across the lake. Three quarters of a mile out was an island, a barren ridge, standing out of the water, and from mainland to island they formed as they swam an unbroken bridge; from the farther end of which they poured in steady stream over the hill-top, their flying forms clearly outlined against the sky. How long we watched them I could not say, for I was too excited to take any note of time; but finally the main body had passed. Yet when we landed above the point from which they had crossed, companies of them, eight, ten, fifteen, twenty in a herd, were to be seen in all directions. . . . The country was literally alive with the beautiful creatures and they did not seem to be much frightened. They apparently wanted only to keep what seemed to them a safe distance between us, and would stop to watch us curiously within easy rifle shot. Yet I am glad that I can record that not a shot was fired at them. Gilbert was wild, for he had in him the hunter's instinct in fullest measure. The trigger of Job's rifle clicked longingly, but they never forgot that starvation broods over Labrador, and that the animal they longed to shoot might some time save the life of one in just such extremity as that reached by Mr. Hubbard and his party two years before. . . . For fifty miles of our journey beyond this point we saw companies of caribou every day, and sometimes many times a day, though we did not again see them in such numbers. The country was a net-work of their trails, in the woodlands and bogs cut deep into the soft soil, on the barren hillsides, broad dark bands converging to the crossing place at the river."

The caribou seem to have been on their way to the highlands between the George River and the Atlantic. Mrs. Hubbard believes herself the first person to have witnessed the migration of the great herd, save the Indians, who slaughter the caribou in great numbers during this period.

It was the expectation of the party to find the Nascaupsee Indians and secure from them some information as to the character of the George

River whose waters they must now traverse to their journey's end. The guides were apprehensive.

"Turning to me, George remarked, 'You are giving that revolver a fine rubbing up to-night.'

"'Yes,' I replied, laughing a little, 'I am getting ready for the Nascaupes.'

"'They would not shoot you,' he said gravely. 'It would be us they would kill if they took the notion. Whatever their conjuror tells them to do, they will do.'

"'No,' asserted Gilbert, 'they would not kill you, Mrs. Hubbard. It would be to keep you at their camp that they would kill us.'

"I had been laughing at George a little, but Gilbert's startling announcement induced a sudden sobriety. As I glanced from one to the other, the faces of the men were all unwontedly serious. There was a whirl of thoughts for a moment, and then I asked, 'What do you think I shall be doing while they are killing you? You do not need to think that because I will not kill rabbits, or ptarmigan, or caribou, I should have any objection to killing a Nascaupe Indian if it were necessary.' Nevertheless, the meeting with the Indians had for me assumed a new and more serious aspect, and, remembering their agony of fear lest some harm befall me ere we reached civilization again, I realized how the situation seemed to the men. When I went to my tent it was to lie very wide awake, turning over in my mind plans of battle in case the red men proved aggressive."

The meeting with the Nascaupe Indians proved, however, to be one of the most agreeable incidents of the trip. The first inquiry of the Indians was for tobacco, and then hands were extended in greeting. In broken English, but with expressive gestures, the Indians informed them of the distance and course yet to be travelled. An arm held at an angle showed the rapids to be expected, and a vigorous drop of the hand indicated the falls. Best of all was the assurance that if they travelled fast they would sleep but five times before reaching the post at Ungava. This meant that Mrs. Hubbard would arrive in time to secure passage on the last steamer leaving before the long Labrador winter set in. The Indians were hospitable, but no gallantries were attempted except a very diplomatic and indirect effort on the part of one young brave to make an impression on the fair visitor.

"One of the young men, handsomer than the others, and conscious of the fact, had been watching me throughout with evident interest. He was not only handsomer but his leggings were redder. As we walked up toward the camp he went a little ahead, and to one side. A little distance from where we landed was a row of bark canoes turned upside down. As we passed them he turned, and, to make sure that those red leggings should not fail of their mission, he put his foot up on one of the canoes, pretending, as I passed, to tie his moccasin, the while watching for the effect."

From the Nascaupe camp the George River was an almost continuous course of rapids.

There were stretches, miles in length, when the slope of the river was a steep gradient, and Mrs. Hubbard held her breath as the canoe shot down at toboggan speed. There was not only the slope down, but a distinct tilt from one side to the other of the river could be observed. Even when the water was smooth and apparently motionless (though actually tremendously swift) the slope downward was clearly marked.

"But more weird and uncanny than wildest cascade or rapid was the dark vision which opened out before us at the head of Slanting Lake. The picture in my memory still seems unreal and mysterious, but the actual one was as disturbing as an evil dream. Down, down, down the long slope before us stretched the lake and river, black as ink under leaden sky and shadowing hills. The lake, which was three-quarters of a mile wide, dipped not only with the course of the river but appeared to dip also from one side to the other. Not a ripple or touch of white could be seen anywhere. All seemed motionless as if an unseen hand had touched and stilled it. A death-like quiet reigned and as we glided smoothly down with the tide we could see all about us a soft, boiling motion at the surface of this black flood which gave the sense of treachery as well as mystery."

The travelling day was a short one during this part of the trip; the strain on the men was too intolerable to be borne for many hours. The nights were made hideous by the mosquitoes. The flies had nearly driven Mrs. Hubbard to distraction at an earlier period of the journey. Even a heavy veil, of several thicknesses, was insufficient protection.

And so they raced down to the bay and found they had arrived ahead of the ship whose departure without them they had feared so strongly. Summing up, they found they had travelled 576 miles from post to post; the trip occupied forty-three days of actual travelling, eighteen days in camp. They had started with 750 pounds of provisions, 392 of which was flour; their surplus was 150 pounds, of which 105 pounds was flour. The results claimed by Mrs. Hubbard for her journey are pioneer maps of the Nascaupe and George Rivers, that of the Nascaupe showing Seal Lake and Lake Michikamau to be in the same drainage basin — proof that the Northwest and Nascaupe are not two distinct rivers, but one, the outlet of Lake Michikamau; some notes by the way on the topography, geology, flora and fauna of the country traversed.

From her own experience Mrs. Hubbard concludes that had the season in which her husband made the journey, one of unprecedented severity, been the more normal one in which her own trip was made, he would have returned safe and triumphant, despite his failure to find the open waterway to Lake Michikamau. His outfit and

provisions, she believes, would have been ample under normal conditions; but she reminds those who have criticized him for lack of foresight in planning his outfit, that he did not plan it himself.

Mrs. Hubbard's story occupies about two hundred pages. The remaining hundred pages are made up of a partial transcript of her husband's diary, and the narrative of Elson, the guide, with reference to the first expedition. The Hubbard diary is, for the most part, written in short phrases from which unnecessary words are omitted, — notes, evidently, for the story he meant to write at the conclusion of his journey, the story finally written by another hand. Here are his last written words:

"My tent is pitched in open tent style in front of a big rock. The rock reflects the fire, but now it is going out because of the rain. I think I shall let it go and close the tent, till the rain is over, thus keeping out rain and saving wood. Tonight or tomorrow perhaps the weather will improve so I can build a fire, eat the rest of my moccasins, and have some bone broth. Then I can boil my belt and oil tanned moccasins and a pair of cow-hide mittens. They ought to help some. I am not suffering. The acute pangs of hunger have given way to indifference. I am sleepy. I think death from starvation is not so bad. But let no one suppose that I expect it. I am prepared, that is all. I think the boys will be able, with the Lord's help, to save me."

The latter half of the diary is perhaps as vivid a description of human suffering as ever was given to the world to read.

Elson's diary contains an unbelievable statement with regard to Wallace — that for the sake of recovering the much-used and probably broken-in canoe he would have had Elson return to the wilderness soon after Hubbard's body had been recovered. Aside from this, the Elson diary is most interesting, and in its own way supplements the earlier narratives.

Mrs. Hubbard has accomplished a hazardous undertaking, requiring such courage and endurance as only a woman of rare character would have possessed. Her book should command a wide circle of interested readers. It is to be regretted, however, that her account lacks both definiteness and good form in its presentation; there are hopeless and involved anti-climaxes when striking situations afforded opportunities for quite the opposite effects. One reader, at least, has been pained by the evident depreciation, throughout her book, of Wallace's services to her husband and loyalty to his memory, as evidenced in the earlier books and by Hubbard's own diary. Private differences, if there be such, should not have led Mrs. Hubbard to set down aught in malice. By inference, she clearly gives

all the credit for the heroic effort to save her husband's life to Elson: to him belongs the praise for heroism almost beyond belief. But it should be remembered that when, after finding the discarded flour, it was Elson's duty to seek his way out of the wilderness; he knew that every step he took, painful and desperate as his condition was, took him nearer to light and warmth and food and the friends he was to send back to the rescue. But Wallace shouldered his sack of mouldy flour, bade farewell to Elson, and turned his face resolutely back again toward the wilderness — toward that tent in the very valley of the shadow of death; back to find, if he could, the dying man to whom he carried food, there perhaps to die with him ere the rescuers came. He is not the less a hero that he failed, — and he did not sink down in despair until he had gone the full distance back to the tent, and beyond it, missing it with his blinded eyes, still struggling with naked frozen feet through the snow to find his friend. They were all three heroic in their courage and devotion to each other, their patience and their hopefulness. But there were *three* heroes, not two, — and the number of them should not be lessened as the tale is told.

MUNSON ALDRICH HAVENS.

THE TRAGEDY OF KOREA.*

To the already imposing literature of protest which the passing of Korean independence has called forth in three short years, a fresh and noteworthy addition has recently been made in a volume by Mr. McKenzie, English traveller and journalist, under the title of "The Tragedy of Korea." Of distinct merits, the book possesses not a few. For one thing, it is not unduly ambitious; and for a book of its class that is saying a good deal. It makes no attempt to attack and despatch all things Oriental, past, present, and future. Its scope is definite and its treatment concise. If at first glance it appears a slight piece of work, it will be found a more satisfying book than the majority of its kind, and the jaded reader should be thankful for its lack of the customary journalistic "dead matter." In the second place, the book is the work of a man who has been long upon the ground and who writes entirely from observation or other first-hand sources of information. And in the third place, though obviously intended as an arraignment of Japan for her recent course

* THE TRAGEDY OF KOREA. By F. A. McKenzie. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

in Korea, the volume comes from the pen of an Englishman who was until recently an ardent admirer of the Japanese, and who, reluctantly brought by events to a change of sentiment, is as fair-minded and conservative in his judgments as any writer upon so vexed a subject can well be.

Approximately, the first third of the volume is taken up with a running sketch of the opening of Korea, from the ill-fated visit of the American schooner "General Sherman" in 1866 and the conclusion of the first Japanese-Korean treaty in 1876 to the outbreak of the recent Russo-Japanese war. The Korean aspects of the Chino-Japanese war and of the treaty of Shimonoseki, together with the striking events following the murder of the Korean queen in 1895, are described in an unusually intelligible manner. Then follows a careful account of the period from 1895 to the Russo-Japanese war and the treaty of Portsmouth. The inevitableness of the conflict is clearly brought out, together with the reasons why such a war was certain to be epochal in the history of the Korean peninsula.

The body of the book, however, is devoted to the brief period since the Peace of Portsmouth, and more particularly to the operations of the Japanese in the Hermit Kingdom since that date. Mr. McKenzie has been in Korea continuously during these years, and has had under his eye the methods and processes by which the influence of Japan has been made all-pervasive and all-powerful among the Korean people. In a succession of vivid chapters he sets forth a melancholy record of devastation, plunder, cruelty, and ruin, wrought by Japanese troops and officials throughout the peninsula in course of the work of "pacification." Describing a horseback observation trip in the vicinity of I-Chhon, he writes as follows:

"We rode on through village after village and hamlet after hamlet burned to the ground. The very attitude of the people told me that the hand of Japan had struck hard there. We would come upon a boy carrying a load of wood. He would run quickly to the side of the road when he saw us, expecting he knew not what. We passed a village with a few houses left. The women flew to shelter as I drew near. Some of the stories that I heard later helped me to judge why they should run. Of course they took me for a Japanese. All along the route I heard tales of the Japanese plundering, where they had not destroyed. Here the village elders would bring me an old man badly beaten by a Japanese soldier because he resisted being robbed. Then came darker stories. In Seoul I had laughed at them. Now, face to face with the victims, I could laugh no more. That afternoon we rode into I-Chhon itself. This is quite a large town. I found it practically deserted. Most of the people had fled to the hills to escape the Japanese. I slept that night in a school-house, now deserted and

unused. There were the cartoons and animal pictures and pious mottoes around, but the children were far away. I passed through the market-place, usually a very busy spot. There was no sign of life there. I turned to some of the Koreans. 'Where are your women? Where are your children?' I demanded. They pointed to the high and barren hills looming against the distant heavens. 'They are up there,' they said. 'Better for them to lie on the barren hill-sides than to be outraged here.'"

And so the mournful story goes, chapter after chapter. Allowing as much as one may for possible over-drawing, it is still plain that we have here a record of bloodshed and ruin which challenges the attention of the civilized world. In a very interesting chapter on "The Suppression of Foreign Criticism," the author considers the natural query as to why the Europeans and Americans resident in Korea did not make known the full facts about the Japanese administration at an earlier date. "Some of them did attempt it," he asserts, "but the strong feeling that generally existed abroad in favor of the Japanese people—a feeling due to the magnificent conduct of the nation during the war—caused complaints to go unheeded." And he declares that scores like himself, alienated by the mistakes and follies of Russia's Far Eastern policies and favorably impressed by the qualities of the Japanese which caught the fancy of the whole world, looked on for a long time in silence, unwilling to believe anything but the best of the sturdy antagonists of the Muscovite. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole book is the account of the journalistic rivalries of the pro-Japanese and anti-Japanese parties in Seoul, with particular reference to the work of Mr. Bethell, the editor of the "Korea Daily News."

Although high officials at Tokio, such as Viscount Teranchi, Minister of War and Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, are insistently proclaiming that Japan's programme is not one of empire, of conquest, and of war, Mr. McKenzie refuses to be convinced. In his concluding chapter he contends that the policy of Japan in Korea to-day "cannot be fully understood unless it is regarded, not as an isolated manifestation, but as a part of a great Imperial scheme." Japan, he asserts, has set out to be a great world-power, and she is rapidly realizing her ambition. Elsewhere he declares:

"I, for one, am convinced that we owe it to ourselves and to our ally, Japan, to let it be clearly known that a policy of Imperial expansion based upon breaches of solemn treaty obligations to a weaker nation, and built up by odious cruelty, by needless slaughter, and by a wholesale theft of the private property rights of a

dependent and defenceless peasantry, is repugnant to our instincts and cannot fail to rob the nation that is doing it of much of that respect and goodwill with which we all so recently regarded her."

Mr. McKenzie confesses to a very profound respect for the capacities of the Japanese people, but it is his belief that in her striving to become a world-power the nation is at present over-reaching herself. Indeed, he is generous enough to attribute the Empire's obnoxious Korean policies to the grinding economic conditions prevailing since the war. "Japan," he says, "has broken her solemn promises to Korea, and has evaded in every way her pledged obligations to maintain the policy of equal opportunities, because she is driven thereto by heavy taxation, by the poverty of her people, and by the necessity of obtaining fresh markets and new lands for settlement." But that these are the impelling forces rather than mere rampant imperialism, does not help matters for Korea. Her lot Mr. McKenzie regards as palpably unhappy, and as likely to continue so unless Japanese energies shall be turned in other directions. Obviously, there is a good deal that might be said—a good deal that has been said—on the other side. But the statements of fact and the assertions of opinion which Mr. McKenzie has set down in his little book are abundantly worth giving to the world.

There is an appendix containing a number of the essential documents, and there are numerous excellent illustrations, which are also the author's handiwork. But, unfortunately, there is no index.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

CANADIANS OF LONG AGO.*

In the very readable volume entitled "Canadian Types of the Old Régime," Professor Colby does not profess to have brought forward any strikingly new material. His aim is, rather, to approach the life of Old Canada by an untried route; to present certain phases of that life in a manner that, as he has applied it, is both novel and effective. To secure distinctness, in discussing various aspects of French colonization in the New World, "the examples have been drawn, chapter by chapter, from some one career. Or, rather, a single personage has been made the representative of a class, and in considering the large subject with which he is connected, certain features of his experience are rendered prominent. But," the author adds, "this method does

not involve the exact portraiture of individuals, nor does it exclude minor figures from the field of the discussion."

The subject is opened by an admirable introductory chapter on "The Historical Background of New France." Professor Colby points out the strong influence of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation, upon the colonization of New France; and sketches briefly and skilfully the relations of the king, the nobles, the great ministers Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert, and the Church, respectively, to the colony, as well as the effect which the neighboring colonies of New England had upon the development of New France. In succeeding chapters, he takes up the several colonial types one by one. Champ-lain is taken as the type of the Explorer, but not entirely to the exclusion of the other famous pathfinders of Old Canada, such as La Salle, Marquette, Joliet, and Nicolet. Similarly, Brébeuf is taken as type of the Missionary, the personalities of other Jesuit martyrs being grouped around that heroic figure of New France. Opportunity is found for a discussion of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church and the Calvinists toward missions, and the relations of the several orders, Jesuits, Récollets, and Sulpicians, toward New France and each other.

With Louis Hébert as his type of the Colonist, Professor Colby sketches effectively the commercial life of Canada under the Old Régime, the fur-trade, Richelieu and the Company of the Hundred Associates, the exclusion of the Huguenots, the seigniorial system and its effect upon the *habitant le coureur de bois*, etc. With D'Iberville as a central point, the Soldier type of New France is presented. We are reminded not only of the romantic exploits of D'Iberville himself in Hudson Bay and elsewhere—exploits as dramatic and fascinating as anything in fiction—but of many other incidents of pluck and heroism, the story of Dollard's matchless self-sacrifice at the Long Sault, the adventures of François Hertel, Maisonneuve and the Iroquois, Frontenac's raids against the British colonies, etc.

Du Lhut, as type of the *coureur de bois*, introduces us to one of the most fascinating phases of the life of New France—the fur-trader, with his curious blending of commerce and romance. Du Lhut's own adventures, his relations with La Salle, his rescue of Hennepin (most mendacious of historians) from the Sioux, are sufficiently interesting; but they pale before the exploits of that matchless adventurer Radis-

* CANADIAN TYPES OF THE OLD RÉGIME, 1606-1696. By Charles W. Colby. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

son and his brother-in-law Groseilliers. Of the remaining chapters, Laval furnishes a type for the Bishop; and the Governor is represented by Frontenac. In the final chapter, the author brings together a great deal of interesting material bearing on the position of Women in New France, contrasting the women of France and of Canada in the seventeenth century, and quoting the entertaining account of the Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm. For the rest, we have striking word-pictures of some of the more famous women of New France — the heroine Madeleine de Verchères, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and the hospital at Quebec, Madame de la Peltrie and the Ursulines, Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance and the hospital at Montreal, Marguerite Bourgeoys and the Nuns of the Congregation.

All this is both informing and entertaining. "History," says Professor Colby, "does not exist simply for the benefit of the *érudite*, and there are always some to whom a book is recommended by the absence of specific gravity." No one could call this book heavy, and yet even the *érudite* might find much in it that would repay perusal. Its foundation, it may be added, is a course of lectures originally delivered by Professor Colby before the May Court Club at Ottawa, Canada.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION IN HISTORY.*

The last few years have witnessed a remarkable activity in the field of American historiography. Scholars who but recently were engaged in monographic investigations appear to have developed a sudden desire to work in broader fields, to present results already obtained rather than give all their energies to the examination of difficult and disputed problems. As a consequence, the historical side of American literature is developing as never before. Abroad, however, if we may judge from the scanty notices that some of our best recent productions have received in literary journals, little attention is being paid to this development. Except in a general way, the European student is not interested in American history; and as most of our historical writers are studying the annals of our own country their work does not appeal, as it might, to foreign scholars. It is the subject-matter, and not deficiencies in

quality, that prevents the American historian from receiving merited recognition abroad.

Still, there is at least one American writer of history whose fame is great in Europe — greater, perhaps, than in his own country. Forty years ago a Philadelphia business man began to publish a series of studies in mediæval society which placed him at once in the front rank of historical investigators. His first book was a collection of essays on the judicial procedure of the Middle Ages, to which he gave the general title "Superstition and Force." Since then, Dr. Lea has continued to explore the mysterious borderlands of mediæval ecclesiastical and social history, and has written learnedly on such themes as Clerical Celibacy, Excommunication, the Mediæval Inquisition, Auricular Confession, the Expulsion of the Moors, and kindred subjects. In 1888 appeared his three-volume "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," which a distinguished English historical student, Lord Acton, called the greatest contribution of the New World to the history of the Old World. At the same time it was announced that the author was collecting materials for a study of the later form of the Inquisition, that which originated in Spain in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This work has recently appeared, as planned, in four volumes of about six hundred pages each. To these the author has added a supplementary volume, in which he traces the history of the Inquisition in the Spanish dependencies.

Dr. Lea has grouped his materials under nine heads, the discussion of each making a book. These are, the Origin, Relations with the State, Jurisdiction, Organization, Resources, Practice, Punishments, Spheres of Action, and the final fate of the institution (the conclusion). In the supplementary volume the grouping is naturally of a geographical rather than of a topical character, a chapter being devoted to the Inquisition in each of the principal dependencies or each group of dependencies. The author does not attempt to discuss the Inquisition in the Spanish Netherlands, as the necessary documents (now being collected by Professor Paul Fredericq) are not yet accessible.

In the popular mind the Inquisition is nearly always associated with the efforts to crush out the Protestant heresies of the sixteenth century. It is true that in many European countries, notably in the Netherlands, this tribunal in its modern form was vigorously employed for such a purpose; but with its origin Protestantism had nothing to do. The Spanish Inquisition

*A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN. By Henry Charles Lea. In four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE INQUISITION IN THE SPANISH DEPENDENCIES. By Henry Charles Lea. New York: The Macmillan Co.

had done great and effective work before the German reformer raised his voice against the abuses that he thought he had found in the Church. That we may understand why this terrible institution was called into being, the author discusses at some length the political and racial situation on the Spanish peninsula at the close of the middle ages. He finds that before the dawn of the modern era the Spaniards were the most tolerant people in Christendom. The Jews and the Moors who lived among and about them were treated with a kindness that amounted to favor. But by the close of the fourteenth century, this most tolerant nation had become the most intolerant of all. The common statement that the hatred then displayed was an inborn peculiarity of the Spanish race does not satisfy Dr. Lea. "Such facts," he tells us, "must have their explanations, and it is the business of the expositor of history to trace them to their causes." The larger part of Book I., more than two hundred pages, is devoted to a study of this change in the Castilian character and its effect on the non-Christian population. The change is attributed mainly to the constant pressure of the Church; and in support of this conclusion the author quotes freely from the anti-Jewish legislation of the Church councils and the repressive secular ordinances that grew out of the demands of the Church. "The Church, in its efforts to arouse the popular hatred, was powerfully aided by the odium which the Jews themselves excited through their ostentation, their usury, and their functions as public officials." This hatred soon showed itself in persecution and bloodshed, especially in the massacres of 1391, the history of which is told in detail by Dr. Lea.

This changed attitude of their neighbors struck terror into the hearts of the Jewish people, and multitudes of that race sought refuge in baptism. But the Catholic priest soon discovered that in many cases the conversion was merely a superficial change; and he trembled at the thought that a large, wealthy, and influential section of his church was infected with heresy, which to the mediæval mind was the greatest of all crimes, the vilest of all sins. It was to remove this new danger to the faith that the Spanish Inquisition was established. The statement of the historian Motley that "it was originally devised for Jews and Moors," and was afterwards "extended from pagans to heretics," is clearly an error. Dr. Lea shows conclusively that the non-Christians were entirely beyond the jurisdiction of any ecclesias-

tical tribunal; until they became converts the Inquisition could not reach them. He also rejects the recent belief that the Inquisition was "a political engine for the conversion of Spain from a mediæval feudal monarchy to one of the modern absolute type." This change was effected by other means, especially by the employment of the *Santa Hermandad*, or Holy Brotherhood. It is true, however, that the tribunal at times gave valuable aid to the cause of absolute monarchy, particularly in the colonies, where it was found extremely convenient to treat insurrectionary teachings as heresies.

The author is careful to bring out the difference between the earlier Inquisition and the new Spanish tribunal. The fact that the latter had its own organization, framed its own rules, could call all the forces of the State to its assistance, and was subject to no power but the sovereign, gave it tremendous opportunities for aggrandizement, especially when the throne was occupied by a weak monarch. "At times it was the instrument of his will; at others it seemed as though it might almost supplant the monarchy; it was constantly seeking to extend its awful authority over the other departments of state, which struggled with varying success to resist its encroachments, while successive kings, autocratic in theory, sometimes posed as arbitrators, sometimes vainly endeavored to enforce their pacificatory commands, but more generally yielded to its domineering spirit."

That a tribunal composed of practically irresponsible judges would often exercise its power in a tyrannical manner, is to be expected; and the author finds that such was too often the case. A notable instance is the case of Archbishop Carranza, which occupied the attention of Christendom for seventeen years, and of which the author gives a detailed account. In this case are illustrated not only the vindictive and persecuting spirit of the inquisitorial authorities, but also their cupidity, their jealousy of papal control, and their willingness to serve the Spanish monarch. The charge of cruelty is considered in the sixth and seventh books, which are devoted to practice and punishments. Dr. Lea finds that the tribunals of the Holy Office often did carry the use of torture to a terrible extreme; but his general conclusion is that "the popular impression that the inquisitorial torture-chamber was the scene of exceptional refinement in cruelty, of persistence in extorting confessions, is an error due to sensational writers who have exploited credulity."

The Spanish Inquisition, in the application of torture, was less cruel, we are told, than the secular courts or the Roman Inquisition. But this does not mean that the inquisitorial procedure was considerate or mild; the tribunal was determined to gain its ends, and where the usual means failed (which they did but rarely) the inquisitors had no scruples about the use of torture.

Still, so long as the Inquisition busied itself with matters of faith and heresy, the people endured without much complaining. And yet, Dr. Lea concludes that the Holy Office came to be hated and detested "by all classes,—laymen and ecclesiastics, noble and simple." This hostility resulted from the attempts of the inquisitors to interfere in purely secular matters; especially did the people resent their efforts to establish commercial monopolies. In a most instructive chapter on the Privileges of the Holy Office, the author shows how this institution, because of its exemption from taxes, tariff dues, and the like, was able to corner markets and crush competitors almost as effectively as a modern trust. Such perversion of spiritual authority to secular and often unholy uses appears to have become quite common and frequent.

As to the effects of inquisitorial activity on national life and progress, the author speaks in terms of unqualified condemnation. "It is impossible not to conclude that the Inquisition paralyzed both the intellectual and the economic development of Spain. . . . Material progress became impossible, industry languished, and the inability to meet foreign competition assisted the mistaken internal policy of the government in prolonging and intensifying the poverty of the people." At the same time he acquits the authorities of intentional guilt in the following striking sentences:

"Yet who can blame Isabella and Torquemada or the Hapsburg princes for their share in originating and maintaining this disastrous instrument of wrong? The Church had taught for centuries that implicit acceptance of its dogmas and blind obedience to its commands were the only avenues to salvation; that heresy was treason to God, its extermination the highest service to God and the highest duty to man. This grew to be the universal belief, and, when Protestant sects framed their several confessions, each one was so supremely confident of possessing the secret of the Divine Being and his dealings with his creatures that all shared the zeal to serve God in the same cruel fashion."

Dr. Lea's latest history has all the virtues of his earlier studies: it is written in clear unadorned English; the discussion is temperate, calm, and judicial; every statement is fortified

with documentary proofs; and the more important matters are treated with careful presentation of details. At the venerable age of four score and three years, the author is apparently as strong and keen and vigorous as ever; and this, his latest work, ranks easily with his strongest and best.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

RECENT FICTION.*

A story opening which never fails of its appeal is that which pictures a boy born to poverty but having within him the capacity to lift himself above his native surroundings and achieve success by his own unaided efforts. No one can fail to follow sympathetically the steps in such a career—particularly the early steps—as the boyish soul gradually awakens to its predestined heritage and as the years of dawning manhood bring the first flush of success to the toilsome life. It is such a boy that Miss Mary Johnston brings to our attention in the opening pages of "Lewis Rand," and her book bears the name of her hero. The scene is Virginia, and the period is that of the very beginning of the American Republic, when people still have fresh memories of Valley Forge and Yorktown, and when "The Federalist" offers a more controversial subject than the sacred scriptures. The boy, ignorant and ragged, is befriended by no less a personage than Mr. Jefferson, then newly entered upon his duties as Washington's Secretary of State. The real action of the story begins a dozen or more years later, when Lewis has become a successful lawyer and Republican politician, and his patron, firmly seated in the Presidential chair, has shown himself no mere doctrinaire by the act of statesmanship which with a stroke of the pen doubled the area of the United States. By this time, we know fairly well what is coming, as far as the external machinery of the novel is concerned. Burr's dream of empire fills the minds of those who share the vision with him, and we regretfully follow our hero, the prey of inordinate ambition, as he deserts the leader to whom

* LEWIS RAND. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE BROKEN SHARD. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

HEARTBREAK HILL. A Comedy Romance. By Herman Knickerbocker Vleis. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL. A Romance of the Sea. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE CASTLE OF DAWN. By Harold Morton Kramer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE IMMORTAL MOMENT. The Story of Kitty Tailleur. By May Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

COLONEL GREATHART. By H. C. Bailey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE STATUE. A Story of International Intrigue and Mystery. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE. By Harold Bindloss. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

LONG ODDS. By Harold Bindloss. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

every tie of gratitude should have kept him bound, and plots secret treason against his country. The bursting of the bubble saves him from the commission of the overt act, and Jefferson, who has held in his hands the threads of the conspiracy all the time, is magnanimous enough to spare the ingrate from public exposure. But a proud and rebellious nature of Lewis Rand's type is bound to work its own destruction in some way, and the man who has just escaped being a traitor in the open becomes a murderer in private in a moment of uncontrollable passion. His conscience, and the urgency of his high-minded wife, finally compel him to make confession, and the story closes when he gives himself up to justice. Although the curtain then falls, there can be but one possible sequel, for the murder was most wanton, and the victim a very noble gentleman. This sombre outcome is not what we are led to anticipate in the earlier chapters, and it is something of a shock to learn that the admiration due to a Lucifer is all that we are permitted for our hero in the end. Byron's "Manfred" supplies the words which exactly fit him.

"This should have been a noble creature; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts
Mixed, and contending without end or order."

But the story is a strong one, richly furnished forth with the accessories of historical fact and of the manners of Virginians a century ago. It provides a vivid presentation of a deeply interesting period in our national annals, and it throbs with a very real life, albeit a life romantically tinged. Miss Johnston is to be warmly congratulated, for "Lewis Rand" is a better book than she has heretofore written.

It is not often that we come upon a novel written with the conscious artistic purpose of Mr. Lewisohn's "The Broken Snare," in which the imperative demands of technique—both verbal and architectonic—are never ignored, and which yet has no lack of rich human substance. The author has taken Flaubert for his model, and has shown himself a not unworthy disciple of the master. More than most works of fiction, this is the story of a man and a woman, to the exclusion of all other personalities; of their love and its consequences, to the exclusion of all other interests. The woman is an ardent creature, cramped by the conditions of a peculiarly mean and sordid existence; the man has the artist's temperament, and what he imagines to be deep convictions concerning the futility of the marriage-bond. The two agree to join their lives without the usual legal proceedings, and set out for a honeymoon in the South. For a short time all is idyllic with them, and then the inevitable break comes, to which we are led through the gradual stages of sub-conscious unrest, growing irritation, jarring mutual revelations of character, and the clash of fundamentally opposed

ideals. Then there is separation, and a long term of suffering for both; finally, the sex-duel sees the woman the victor, the man's intellectual pride is abased, and they are reunited upon the terms that have been decreed by the wisdom of the ages as the only possible foundation for the family and for human society. It will thus be seen that the book, despite its boldness of speech and conception, is ethically wholesome. It does not seek by means of false sentiment to incline us to the acceptance of evil, and its moral emphasis is not misplaced. It is not a book for the young person to read, but it is one from which the mature mind can get nothing but good, and one which offers a singular satisfaction to the artistic perceptions.

At discreet intervals, Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé projects a new romantic invention into the sphere of publicity, and thereby occasions much joy to the knowing. There have been three of these projections heretofore, and the fourth is now at hand, alluringly entitled "Heartbreak Hill." The Hill is described by the heroine as "an incorrigible amorphous orphan, abandoned to the mercies of a self-satisfied Upper Silurian family," which means that it lifts its shaggy form above the surrounding flatness of field and meadow, and tries to make up in picturesqueness what it lacks in utility. It is the joint property of two cousins—a boy and a girl—having come into the family through an ancestral dicker with the Indians. That the pioneer who bought it for a jug of rum had a long head becomes apparent as the story progresses, because numerous persons make efforts to secure its ownership without disclosing any apparently adequate motives. The secret of the matter is that the Hill hides a rich vein of copper which is destined to enrich the cousins when they have thwarted various efforts on the part of outsiders to come into possession. By a singular coincidence, these young people also join their fortunes in another and more intimate relation. This is pleasant, because they are nice young people, and quite deserving of each other. Such is the substance of a story which is written in the vein of light-hearted comedy for which Mr. Vielé has prepared us by his earlier books, and which is a work of delicate art in its every detail. Sentiment and humor are nicely balanced in its pages, and the transcript of New England life and character is both truthful and charming.

"The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel" is a brave tale of a young American hiding in Valparaiso, who is tricked into stealing an Englishman's yacht, and finds himself in nominal command of a crew of pirates. They have lured him into this compromising position because they have need of his seamanship, but he is otherwise completely at their mercy. Their objective point is in the Antarctic Ocean, whence strange report has come of a treasure-ship—a Spanish galleon—held fast in the ice for a century and a half. Unwittingly, they have not only stolen the yacht but have also abducted the owner's wife, whose presence on board was not

suspected. Thus a heroine is provided for our hero, for Lady Darlington is young and charming, and does not love her aged husband overmuch. However, the conventions are respected until the final discovery, after the yacht has returned from its perilous voyage, that its owner has been conveniently assassinated in the meantime. As for the Donna Isabel—a Spanish ship despite its un-Spanish name—that also is discovered, filled with gold and corpses, but the treasure goes to the bottom of the sea, together with most of the pirates. This is evidently the outline of a “rattling” story, and it must be reckoned among the most successful of Mr. Randall Parrish’s inventions.

“The Castle of Dawn” is the alluring title of Mr. Harold Morton Kramer’s tale of the Ozarks. The castle is a palatial mountain residence, no longer inhabited by the builder whose tastes it embodies, but become the refuge of certain conspirators against the stability of a Spanish-American republic. To this retreat a newspaper reporter from Chicago and the daughter of a purse-proud millionaire find their way, being, in fact, kidnapped by the conspirators, who mistakenly fancy these innocent young people the enemies of their patriotic cause. The period of captivity is long enough for propinquity to do its deadly work, and the two, entire strangers to each other at first, develop after a few weeks into a pair of romantically interesting lovers. Of their exciting adventures and thrilling escape we will say naught in detail; these particulars are eminently satisfying to the romantic mood. We may say a word in commendation of the crisp dialogue and humorous touch which are features of the author’s literary equipment. He has clothed an essentially imaginative story-skeleton in the garb of reality, and has just escaped the obvious danger of lapsing into melodrama. It is all very trifling, but it is also very diverting.

“Kitty Tailleux” in England, “The Immortal Moment” in the United States—these are the titles chosen, to the confusion of both librarians and readers, for Miss May Sinclair’s latest novel. The reprehensible practice here indicated should never be allowed to go without a sharp word of censure. The story is of the flimsiest texture, and consists largely of frothy dialogue, which, however, does produce its effect in illuminating the characters of the two persons mainly concerned. These are the charming Kitty and the simple-minded man whom she captivates. They meet in a seaside hotel, and it takes less than two weeks to bring them into relations which mean acute misery for the man and self-destruction for the woman. For Kitty, who is nice, is also naughty, or at least has been naughty to a quite unpardonable degree. And when the man, to whom the very thought of such evil as her life has embodied is almost inconceivable, has the truth thrust in his face, tragedy ensues. For he has championed her against the gossippers, has believed in her, and has asked her to be his wife. Her “immortal moment” is ironically so called, for

it is the moment in which her higher nature asserts itself, and she makes the confession which she knows must end her dream. It is a delicate subject, but we must add that it is handled with delicacy. As a faint reflex of the Camille story this one must be set down as essentially immoral, simply because its intention is to throw a sentimental glamor over the ugly outlines of depravity. But we cannot dispute its literary art or its emotional subtlety.

We have not had a story of the Civil Wars in England for some time, and Mr. H. C. Bailey’s “Colonel Greatheart” is a particularly good one. The title is fanciful, as indicating the quality rather than the actual cognomen of his hero. One Colonel Stow, it seems, returning to England after service in the Thirty Years’ War, finds King and Parliament at odds. Strife has begun, the court is at Oxford, Rupert is the man of the hour on one side, while on the other the genius of one Oliver Cromwell has not yet made itself manifest. Our hero is urged by the lady love of his youth to espouse the royalist cause, which he does, being a romantic idealist, although even then to the eye of a trained soldier that cause is foredoomed. The tale runs from Marston Moor to Naseby, and our hero gives a good account of himself personally, although his side is steadily losing. But worse than the defeats of the royalist forces are his personal and moral defeats, for he is doubly betrayed, by the woman whom he loves, and by his dearest companion-in-arms. Nevertheless, his honor is engaged, and he fights on in a cause which no longer means aught to him, and nearly loses his life in a desperate effort to save the King from his own weakness. In the end, he forsakes the field, and finds balm for his wounded affections in the love of a puritan maid. This is the outline of the story, but certain other things remain to be said. The historical figures—Charles and Rupert, Cromwell, Fairfax, and Ireton, are no more than sketched, but the strokes are masterly. The puritan jargon is reproduced with astonishing vividness and force. And the wild passions at play are relieved by certain interludes of comedy provided by the hero’s two French serving-men, Alcibiade and Matthieu-Marc-Luc, whose activities provide us with the most amusing Sancho-contrasts to the deeds of our Greatheart Quixote.

Again we have a story which is produced by the joint efforts of Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Arnold Bennett, and again we are puzzled to know where Mr. Phillpotts comes in. For of that strong and serious writer, with his love of wild nature and his deep comprehension of the primitive passions of the Dartmoor peasantry, we find no trace in these collaborative inventions. His own distinctive workmanship is not to be discovered in “The Statue,” which is no more than a melodramatic tale of ingenious intrigue, of mysterious crime, and of detection and retribution. Taking it upon this low level, the story is effective; the secret is kept well in hand until the end, and proves satisfying when at last revealed.

Mr. Harold Bindloss is a writer who repeats himself unduly, and yet one whose books we always read with interest. Just now he offers us two of them, "By Right of Purchase" and "Long Odds." The former of these two is little more than a replica of his earlier stories of life in the American Northwest. It has its beginnings in England, to be sure, for its farmer-hero is there upon a vacation, and there he wins the bride who accompanies him back to the prairies. It is his bank account and his acres that really win her and the conquest of her heart remains to be achieved. Meanwhile, she makes the sacrifice for the sake of her indolent and improvident family. Once fairly established in Canada, we have again the story that Mr. Bindloss has told so often (and so well) before, the story of hard toil for uncertain harvests, woven in with the story of the strong, good man and his foes. These foes in the present instance are whiskey-smugglers and cattle-rustlers, and are a particularly desperate gang of scoundrels. Of course they are routed in the end, and equally of course the market goes up just in time to save the hero from bankruptcy. And slowly, as these matters progress toward their logical conclusion, the hero's wife learns to love him for his manly strength and single-hearted devotion, and gives herself to him in fact as well as in name.

"Long Odds" represents the other of the two interests thus far exploited by Mr. Bindloss in his novels—the interest which transports us to Latin countries and their peoples, to Spaniards in Cuba and to Portuguese in the Canaries. Of course, the hero is still an Englishman. This time he is an Englishman broken by false accusations, and self-exiled upon the west coast of Africa. After some years, fortune and good name come back to him, and at this point the story opens. He is recalled to the Canaries, where the woman is sojourning whom he had once expected to make his wife, and is given to understand that the old relation may be resumed. Accepting the situation, he makes perfunctory love to her, but is all the time conscious that their ideals are hopelessly at variance. He has lived with grim realities, and she knows and feels nothing beyond her narrow circle of petty social conventions. His stay in the Canaries is not for long, however, for he has duties which soon take him back to Africa. He is pledged to rescue a native girl from a scoundrelly trader, and to restore to their village a number of boys who have been enslaved. Since he is the kind of Englishman who does things, both these aims are achieved, and in the achieving of them is the adventurous substance of the tale. Its sentimental substance is provided by his relations with the fascinating daughter of a Portuguese officer, whom he knows to be the woman really meant for him, and with whom we leave him after the Englishwoman has found an even more eligible *parti*, and been suitably disposed of without hard feelings on either side. Mr. Bindloss shows himself well acquainted with the

conditions of existence in the African littoral, and gives us clear descriptions of natives and of such European types as the trader, the missionary, and the government official. He has not a little of the incisive power of Mr. Conrad in dealing with this tropical material. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Marked by his customary geniality of temper and lightness of touch, with just enough of artistic detachment to lend grace and freedom to his style without rendering it too coldly impersonal, Mr. Bliss Perry's "Park-Street Papers" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) maintain the high standard of their author's work as essayist and literary critic. The ten chapters of the book are gathered from the ten years' issues of "The Atlantic" that have appeared under Mr. Perry's editorial supervision. The first five, styled collectively "Atlantic Prologues," are brief "toastmaster addresses," such as have in recent years introduced each January number of the magazine. They reveal the author in his pleasantest and most gracefully humorous vein, and at the same time throw light on the ever-fascinating art and mystery of magazine editing. The remaining five selections treat of four famous early contributors to the "Atlantic"—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Aldrich (both contributor and editor), and Whittier,—and of that half-forgotten New England man of letters who never quite "arrived," who in fact was "the editor who was never the editor," Francis H. Underwood. Centenary celebrations prompted three of these papers, while the death of Aldrich gave sad occasion for the excellent appreciation of his character and work. In recalling some of his personal characteristics, the author writes: "One of the most pleasant traits of Mr. Aldrich's comments upon men of letters was his unfailing respect and admiration for the well-known group of New England writers whose personal friendship he had enjoyed. His gift for witty derogation found employment elsewhere; towards Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell his attitude was finely reverent, as befitted a younger associate." Not always so reverent, however; as witness his comment on Lowell's letters, published in his biography,—"How good and how poor they are! Nearly all of them are too self-conscious. Emerson and Whittier are about the only men in that famous group who were not thinking about themselves the whole while." Although its contents are of so "occasional" a nature, the book is worthy of a permanent place in one's library.

A good Nature-book for home reading is really difficult to find. It may be more difficult to write; but in "The Lay of the Land" (Houghton) Mr. Sharp has written one without apparent effort. In his youth the author was driven from the laboratory

An out-door book for in-door use.

by a professor who thought the "revelation" of a dissected dog's nervous system ought to take "all the moonshine about the beauties of Nature" out of him. But persisting in "an unscientific love for live dog," Mr. Sharp abandoned the scalpel for the fields. He retained enough of the scientific temper to keep him accurate and safe from undue romancing, but not enough to kill sentiment. "The botanist who is never poet," he says, "misses as much in the out-of-doors as the poet who is never botanist." One might say that it is the at-home feeling which distinguishes Mr. Sharp among Nature-writers. He believes in staying at home, provided home is not all brick and mortar, and "getting the honey" there. "To go to the seashore for one June, to the mountains for a second, to the farm for a third, is not a good way to study the out-of-doors. A better way is to spend all three Junes at this shore or upon this same farm. The first necessity for interesting Nature study is an intimate acquaintance with some locality. It does not matter how small, how commonplace, how near the city, — the nearer the better, provided there are trees, water, fences, and some seclusion. If your own roof-tree stands in the midst of it all, then that is ideal." Following this primrose path of home-staying, Mr. Sharp has made his little Massachusetts farm a centre of delight for himself and his many readers. The present volume has some pleasant summer records of birds-nests and blossoming flowers, but for the most part it tells of the out-door joys of winter — the muskrat's snug house, the Christmas woods, the song of the chickadee. Indeed, the volume might well have been named from its best chapter, "A Cure for Winter."

Great movements and leaders in biologic science.

The need for a satisfactory historical account of the progress of discovery and thought in biology has for a long time been keenly felt, particularly by teachers of the subject and by workers in related subjects, such as sociology or psychology. In the case of certain special biological sciences, there are excellent histories — Carus's valuable (though almost unreadable) "*Geschichte der Zoologie*," and Foster's "*Lectures on the History of Physiology*," which are not only of great scientific merit, but also have a real literary charm. Professor Loey, in his "*Biology and its Makers*" (Holt), has as his aim "to bring under one view the broad features of biological progress, and to increase the human interest by writing the story around the lives of the great Leaders." While such a plan seems likely to leave something to be desired in the way of completeness and comprehensiveness, it has much to recommend it from the standpoint of those likely to use such a book in connection with the teaching of the biological sciences, or for the purpose of gaining a birdseye view of the scope and development of these sciences. Nothing is better calculated to catch and stimulate the interest of one beginning the study of a science than an entertaining account

of the personality and ideas of its founders. Professor Loey discusses his material in two groupings. The first part of the book is devoted to the discussion of the development of important biological ideas and lines of work other than those centering about organic evolution. This part of the book includes, among other topics, discussions of the rise and progress of histology, comparative anatomy, taxonomy, physiology, embryology, the cell theory, bacteriology, and paleontology. The second part deals with the history of evolution work in the strictly biological fields. Such separation of the material makes necessary more or less repetition, and appears to have no particular justification other than that of convenience. The greater part of the book deals with the zoological side of biology. The history of botanical ideas and discoveries gets relatively little attention. The book is mainly a compilation from rather well-known sources of information. There is little evidence that the author has made much detailed study of original sources, the work standing in this respect in marked contrast to Foster's "*History of Physiology*." Practically, the only subject that receives really critical treatment is the history of the cell theory. While such matters as have been alluded to, together with an unaccountably persistent tendency to misspell proper names, will cause the specialist to feel some disappointment in the book, they do not essentially mar it for the purpose and the audience for which it was written. For this purpose and audience it is on the whole admirably suited. It is entertainingly written, and, better than any other existing single work in any language, gives the layman a clear idea of the scope and development of the broad science of biology.

Memoirs of a business man, soldier, and diplomat.

In these days of personal reminiscences written on the smallest provocation, some prefatory self-exculpation is not out of place in a new candidate for autobiographic honors. Gen. William Franklin Draper, in presenting his "*Recollections of a Varied Career*" (Little, Brown & Co.), says that he began to write simply with the view of leaving a record for his descendants. "But as I wrote," he continues, "it seemed to me that few lives had covered as wide a field as my own. My public experience, — as a soldier in time of war, a member of Congress while great questions were under consideration, and a diplomat, also in war time, — would be hard to equal in variety; and my private life covers invention in important lines, and a business career, commencing as an employee and closing as the head of a large industrial establishment, perhaps the largest in Massachusetts that is owned by its managers." Very fittingly, in an etymological sense, General Draper's paternal ancestors for generations back were engaged in cloth-manufacture, and he himself, in his cotton-mill experience, has maintained the tradition. His connection with the Draper Co. machinery works at Hopedale renders appropriate and welcome his

account, from personal recollections and other authoritative sources, of the Hopedale Community, which flourished (if such enterprises can ever be said to flourish) in the middle of the last century, when, as Emerson wrote to Carlyle, we were "all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform," and every reading man had a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket. The author's narration of his New England upbringing, his active service as an ardent volunteer in the Civil War, his two terms in Congress, his ambassadorship at Rome, his subsequent travels, and his business and social and domestic interests from first to last, makes good reading. It is an unvarnished tale compact of unembroidered reality. Nine illustrations and a full index add to the completeness of this substantial octavo volume.

The psychology of advertising.

That men are swayed in practical affairs by subtle and complex and concealed appeals to their mental nature, gives Psychology a voice in the conduct of life, from ethics and politics to fashion and advertising. The psychology of the great modern and great American industry of advertising has attracted the attention of Professor W. D. Scott, of Northwestern University, and there results a second volume by him on this topic (Small, Maynard & Co.). The thesis and consequently the plan of the book are alike simple. The advertisement addresses itself to the senses, feelings, prejudices, and mental peculiarities of the prospective purchaser; some comprehensible account of these mental procedures will furnish a basis for the preparation of commercial heraldings, and illustrations from "current literature" will furnish examples of good and bad types of the art. It is well that the task, when done, should be as well done as Professor Scott does it. But the thesis and the book arouse the obvious comment that this kind of application is peculiarly complex: that the psychology of the text-book and the psychology of the market-place are not built alike. To find a reason for doing what you will decide to do without that reason, may be a pleasing exercise; but it is not much more. Particularly the psychology of the responsive public is altogether too slightly treated. Advertisements do not have the same effect in London, Paris, New York, and Chicago, and the psychology of Fifth Avenue is not that of the Bowery. It may happen that the future reader of the back pages of magazines will be so weary of advice as to resolve to boycott all advertised commodities; and the psychology of advertising will have to be in part rewritten, and commercial talent find pastures new.

Astronomical references in the Scriptures.

One of the leading astronomers of the Greenwich Observatory is Dr. E. Walter Maunder, whose latest excursion into the field of popular astronomy is an explanation of "The Astronomy of the Bible" (Mitchell Kennerley). There are many such allu-

sions in the Scriptures, which in the author's opinion have not received satisfactory treatment at the hands of commentators because these have not possessed a technical acquaintance with the science of astronomy. The author does not attempt to find out the astronomical system of the ancient Hebrew nation, as the material is too scanty. He first discusses the various Scriptural references to single celestial objects and to constellations, and afterwards studies their use by the Hebrews for measuring time. At the close of the book are short studies of three astronomical marvels — Joshua's long day, the dial of Ahaz, and the star of Bethlehem. The standpoint of the author is that of a believer in Holy Writ, who is free from those notions of inspiration that modern science has rendered untenable, and is to be classed as a devout man well acquainted with the latest teachings of science and eager to use them in classifying obscurities in the Scriptures. In the field of philological criticism — which Mr. Maunder necessarily enters — there is much of uncertainty, and the reader often has a feeling of doubt as to the soundness of some of the writer's conclusions. But on the whole one lays down the book with a feeling that he has gained much of permanent value. The attitude of the sacred writers toward the various displays made by the heavenly bodies is shown to be one of intellectual saneness and spiritual exaltation, in marked contrast with that of the heathen nations surrounding the people of Israel, who used these bright objects for purposes of divination or of idolatrous worship. The book closes with a closely printed table of nearly five hundred references to Biblical passages, chiefly in the Old Testament, the astronomical allusions to which have been touched upon.

The new Rug book.

The excellent book by Rosa Belle Holt on "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern" (McClurg), which appeared originally in 1901, is now reissued in a revised and greatly improved form, having been rewritten in part and entirely reset, thus making it virtually a new work. In this edition the author has incorporated the results of further painstaking study, and investigations made not only in the United States and Europe but also in the Orient. The descriptions of the various weaves have been largely extended and amplified, thus adding much to the usefulness of the book, which now assumes the proportions of an authoritative work. Naturally, where there are so many weaves to be described, and specimens of some of them are so rarely seen, the information given varies considerably in extent. But it is more important that what is supplied should be accurate than that statements drawn from doubtful sources should be incorporated when only meagre details can be gathered. To the care taken to print only what is verifiable, the new edition owes much of its value. Two added features are drawings showing clearly the three distinctive forms of knotting used by the

rug weavers, and a few of the designs found in rugs. This section of the book might with advantage have been considerably extended, — a pictorial guide, so to speak, as an aid in the identification of the different weaves, being much needed. To some extent this is furnished by the full-page illustrations, which are notable examples of reproduction, giving most faithfully the color and even to some extent the texture of the fabrics represented. For the present edition the number of plates has been augmented by three, — one from an early Italian painting showing oriental rugs decorating a balcony; one of a remarkable sixteenth century English rug owned by the Earl of Verulam; and one of an antique Persian rug of distinguished pattern.

*An analysis
of Attention
and Feeling.*

While the general reader (a genus not quite so extinct as is commonly assumed) is not expected to follow the several devotees of the several sciences in their more professional pursuits, he has an interest in knowing where the hunting-ground lies and who are the redoubtable guides. Professor Titchener has once more earned the gratitude of the student of psychological problems, by an able presentation of "The Psychology of Feeling and Attention" (Macmillan). The volume consists of a course of lectures delivered at Columbia University; and the treatment suitable to a general audience is equally suitable to the general reader. The book discusses analytically the ultimate mode of conceiving the nature of the fundamental psychological processes. For current usage as coins of the intellectual realm, the value of such terms as feeling, sensation, attention, is sufficiently understood; but an accurate essay is indispensable when technical definition and analysis are to be reached. As an example of the clarification of concepts, as a contribution to the mode of extracting the metal from the crude ore, the work may be strongly recommended to the student analyst.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza" are the six cities described in the latest volume of Mr. Albert F. Calvert's "Spanish Series," published by the John Lane Co. As in other volumes of this series, more space is given to pictures than to text, and in the present instance we have upwards of four hundred full-page plates.

"Songs from the Operas for Mezzo Soprano," edited by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, is the latest volume of the "Musicians' Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Co. The selection begins with Caccini and Monteverde, and ends with Bizet and Massenet, with a score of composers between. Most of the composers are represented by a single selection each. Mr. Krehbiel's prefatory text is scholarly, and more nearly adequate than might be expected when two dozen musicians are discussed in as many pages. A group of nine portraits forms the frontispiece.

NOTES.

Lady Ritchie, better known as Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has in press with the Messrs. Putnam a volume of essays to be called "The Blackstick Papers."

A new edition of Rev. Joseph H. Crooker's notable little volume, "Jesus Brought Back," is announced for immediate issue by Messrs. Sherman, French & Co.

Mr. Henry Taylor Parker, musical critic of the Boston "Transcript," has in press with Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. a volume entitled "The Opera Since Wagner."

The third volume of Signor Guglielmo Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" will appear this month coincidentally with the author's visit to this country as Lowell Lecturer.

"The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," with an extensive critical introduction by Professor Charles F. Richardson, is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The volume is strikingly illustrated.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. publish a pretty edition, with portrait, of "The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay," edited by Mr. Roger Ingpen, and furnished with a prefatory memoir.

"The Ideal of a Gentleman: A Mirror for Gentlemen" is the interesting title of a volume by the English philologist, Dr. Smythe Palmer, which will be published shortly by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mary Cowden-Clarke's "Shakespeare Proverbs," first published in 1847, is now reissued by the original American publishers, the Messrs. Putnam, with an introduction and notes supplied by Mr. William J. Rolfe.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," published by the John Lane Company, is reported as being the best-selling book in London. The first edition has already been exhausted, and a second is coming from the press.

In addition to his novel "The Spitfire," published a few weeks ago, Edward Peple will issue this autumn a second book under the title of "The Mallet's Masterpiece." This is a story built around the mystery of the Venus of Milo.

Last year one of the most popular Christmas books was "The Gentlest Art," Mr. E. V. Lucas's collection of entertaining letters. This year there is to be a similar collection of American letters, edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom and published under the title, "The Friendly Craft."

"An Algebra for Secondary Schools," by Professor E. R. Hedrick, and an "Elements of Physics," by Professor George A. Hoadley, are recent school publications of the American Book Co. The same publishers send us "Teaching a District School," a pedagogical manual for young teachers, the work of Professor John Wirt Dinsmore.

"The Taming of the Shrew," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Coriolanus" are three new volumes in the "First Folio Shakespeare," edited by the Misses Porter and Clarke, and published by the Messrs. Crowell. From Messrs. Duffield & Co. we have "The Winter's Tale" in the "Old-Spelling Shakespeare," edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

Mr. Arthur Ransome is the editor of a series of small volumes called "The World's Story Tellers," of which Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

Poe, Hoffman, and Gautier is the cosmopolitan selection offered us in the three volumes now at hand. Many others, from Boccaccio to Tolstoy, are to follow. Each volume has a frontispiece and an introductory essay.

A new text-book of "Economics," rather original in plan and method of presentation, but embodying no theoretical novelties, has been written by Messrs. Scott Nearing and Frank D. Watson, and is now published by the Macmillan Co.

The vogue of M. René Bazin's "The Nun," "The Coming Harvest," and other novels has revived the interest in this versatile author's "Italians of To-day" to such an extent that its publishers are reprinting it in Mr. William Marchant's translation.

The Gyldendal Publishing House, Copenhagen and Chicago, announce a "Mindengave" of the collective writings (thirty-one in number) of the late Jonas Lie. The edition will fill about about seventeen parts of about two hundred pages each, to be published monthly.

Two volumes of "Essays by Mark Pattison" are now published in the "New Universal Library" by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. This publication will, no doubt, serve to make the author a personality to a large circle of people who have hitherto known him as little more than a resounding name.

The recent excellent translation of "The Elegies of Tibullus" by Dr. Theodore C. Williams, headmaster of the famous Roxbury Latin School, has been added to the Houghton Mifflin Company list. Dr. Williams's new translation of Virgil's "Æneid" will be brought out this month by the same house.

The second volume of Mr. George Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day" has just been published by the Macmillan Co. From Shakespeare to Crabbe is the extensive range of this volume, which seems to indicate that one more will complete the work.

Three recent school-books published by the Macmillan Co. are the following: "A French Grammar," by Messrs. Hugo P. Thieme and John R. Effinger; a "First Course in Biology," by Messrs. L. H. Bailey and Walter M. Coleman; and an edition of "Selected Essays of Seneca," edited by Dr. Allan P. Ball.

The first of Mr. Lang's famous Fairy Book Series, "The Blue Fairy Book," was issued in 1889, and every year since has seen a successor. The volume for the coming Christmas will be entitled "The Book of Princes and Princesses," and will be written by Mrs. Lang, though Mr. Lang edits the volume and contributes a preface.

Mr. William Somerset Maugham, the play-writer, is a most prolific worker, no less than three plays and a novel having been produced by him last year in England. His play, "Jack Straw," is attracting much attention from New York audiences. His novel, "The Explorer," will be published early in 1909. The chief character in the novel is said to have been drawn from Cecil Rhodes.

One of the principal books that Messrs. Longmans & Co. will publish during the present season will be "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Lady Holland is known to the readers of memoirs and historical biographies of her time as the domineering leader of the Whig circle; as a lady whose social talents and literary accomplishments drew to her

house the wits, the politicians, and the *cognoscenti* of the day. As yet, however, little has been written of her earlier years, and on these her Journal will throw much light.

The Poetical Works of George Crabbe are about to be added to the "Oxford Poets" series, published by Mr. Henry Frowde. The editors are the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Carlyle, who have reproduced the author's own text, with additions and the notes that Crabbe himself made. The arrangement of the poems is chronological, and the volume contains a photogravure portrait of the poet.

Two new autumn novels not hitherto announced will be published in a few weeks. One of these is "The Elusive Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." The new story will continue the adventures in the life of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the scene of the story being laid during those exciting years of the French Revolution. The other book is "Mirage," by Mr. E. Temple Thurston, author of "The Apple of Eden."

Two supplementary volumes of the "Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh" give us the accessions from 1902 to 1906. The classification is that used in the three-volume catalogue published over a year ago, and nearly one hundred thousand volumes are listed, and, what is more practically interesting, annotated in this extension of the foundation catalogue. The work is thus made widely useful for general bibliographical reference.

Mr. Henry William Elson's "History of the United States of America" has been widely and favorably known for several years. We may realize how much matter was contained in the single volume when it comes to us expanded into five, and sizable volumes at that. Some of the matter is new, but only a small fraction of the whole. A large number of illustrations is a feature of the expanded edition which adds greatly to the value of the original unadorned text.

The Linschoten Society, recently organized at The Hague, proposes to do for the early Dutch travellers what the Hakluyt Society has done for the history of English exploration. Linschoten's "Itinerario" heads the list of the proposed issues, which will appear at the rate of two volumes a year. The annual fee for ordinary membership is four dollars, which will entitle to all publications of the Society. The secretary is Mr. Wouter Nijhoff, 18 Nobelstraat, The Hague.

Last season President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, visited the University of Copenhagen and delivered there a series of lectures which attracted much attention. These Lectures are shortly to be published by The Macmillan Company under the title "The American as he Is." Among the special topics with which President Butler deals are "The American as a Political Type," "The American Apart from his Government," and "The American and the Intellectual Life."

The third volume of the "Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library" is the first volume of a "Lincoln Series," and gives us, carefully edited by Dr. Edwin Erie Sparks, the full text of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, enriched by a large amount of material gleaned from various newspaper files of the period concerned. This liberal supply of local color, in the form of both text and picture, provides the present edition with its

most distinctive feature, and makes it highly valuable for the student of American political history. There are interesting sections upon the humor of the campaign and upon campaign poetry, besides a collection of tributes to both debaters, and a bibliography of the subject. Dr. Sparks is to be congratulated upon this informing and scholarly work.

The headquarters of the American Library Association will remain in Boston for another year, or at least until September 1 next. At the meeting of the Association, at Lake Minnetonka, last summer, there was a unanimous vote in favor of transferring the headquarters to Chicago, as being more central and otherwise more suitable. It has been found impracticable, however, to secure quarters in connection with either of the great Chicago libraries, as was desired by the Association; and so the project of removal has been deferred, although not abandoned.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

November, 1908.

- American Art, The Case for. Christian Brinton. *Century*.
 American Navy, Story of the — II. Robley D. Evans. *Broadway*.
 American, The Absentee. Mary C. Fraser. *Scribner*.
 Anthropomania. Wilbur Larrimore. *Atlantic*.
 Arnold, Matthew, as Poet. W. C. Wilkinson. *North American*.
 Automobile Selfishness. S. K. Humphrey. *Atlantic*.
 Baedeker, The New — V. Rome. *Bookman*.
 Balkans, Men Who Count in the. E. A. Powell. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Bank Deposits, Guaranteeing. *World's Work*.
 Barrymore, Ethel: Her Following. James L. Ford. *Appleton*.
 Bear Hunt, A Chromatic. Rex Beach. *Everybody's*.
 Booth, John Wilkes, The Last of. Otis Skinner. *American*.
 Border Town, Stealing a. Eleanor Gates. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Boston Post Road, The Old. S. M. Arthurs. *Scribner*.
 British Governing Capacity, The. Britannicus. *North Amer.*
 Business, Unjust Attacks on. Albert J. Beveridge. *Appleton*.
 Caine, Hall, Autobiography of — III. *Appleton*.
 Cairo, Old. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
 Cambridge History of English Literature. *Atlantic*.
 Camel-trader of the East, The. Norman Duncan. *Harper*.
 Campaign, Fighting a National. J. R. Winchell. *Metropolitan*.
 Campaign Funds, Legitimate. Harold Bolce. *Appleton*.
 Castro's Country. Henry Seidel Canby. *Atlantic*.
 Catholic Church's Organization. Thos. F. Meehan. *No. Amer.*
 Chemical Invention, The Trend of. Robert K. Duncan. *Harper*.
 Chicago: How She is Finding Herself. I. M. Tarbell. *American*.
 Churchill, Lady Randolph, Reminiscences of — XII. *Century*.
 City of Dreadful Height, The. Joseph B. Glider. *Putnam*.
 Civic Duty, Our. Charles E. Russell. *Everybody's*.
 College Men as Farmers. L. H. Bailey. *Century*.
 Colleges of Discipline and Freedom. H. S. Pritchett. *Atlantic*.
 Coriolanus. Harold Hodge. *Harper*.
 Country Boy, The Fetish of the. Lyman B. Stowe. *Appleton*.
 Country Home, Closing the. Zephine Humphrey. *Atlantic*.
 Critics, A Plea for. Eugene W. Harter. *Putnam*.
 Dantico: City of Romance. R. H. Schaffer. *Century*.
 Democracy and the Expert. Joseph Lee. *Atlantic*.
 Doctrinaire, On Being a. S. M. Crothers. *Atlantic*.
 Dooley, Mr., on Uplifting the Farmers. F. P. Dunne. *American*.
 Drama, The Trend of, in London. Alan Dale. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Dramatized Novel, Earnings of the. G. Middleton. *Bookman*.
 Dreams, My. Helen Keller. *Century*.
 Education and Helpless Youth. W. L. Howard. *American*.
 Executive Aggression. George W. Alger. *Atlantic*.
 Ferdinand I., "Oar of the Bulgars." A. Stead. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Fire: An American Extravaganza. F. W. Fitzpatrick. *McClure*.
 Fire, Are You Really Insured Against? *World's Work*.
 Flaubert, Gustave. Pearce Bailey. *Bookman*.
 Flesh-eating: Should it be Abandoned? Irving Fisher. *Munsey*.
 Football, Porter Emerson Browne. *Broadway*.
 Foreign Tour at Home, A: A Postscript. Henry Holt. *Putnam*.
 Forest Fire, Meaning of a. F. J. Dyer. *World's Work*.
 France's Vanishing Population. F. C. Penfield. *No. American*.
 Fremstad, Olive, as Isolda. James Huneker. *Century*.
 French Stage Traditions. Mrs. J. Van Vorst. *Lippincott*.
 Friesland Memories. Florence C. Albrecht. *Scribner*.
 Genée, Mile. Emily M. Burbank. *Putnam*.
 Gilman, Daniel C. Nicholas Murray Butler. *Review of Reviews*.
 Gilman, Daniel Coit. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman*.
 Guides I Have Known. H. C. Wood. *Lippincott*.
 Home, The Wreck of the. Rheta C. Dorr. *Broadway*.
 Horse Breeding. John Gilmer Speed. *Century*.
 Immigrants, Successful Southern. R. W. Vincent. *World's Work*.
 Inkerman, A Hero of. Robert Shackleton. *Harper*.
 International Council of Women. Ida H. Harper. *No. Amer.*
 Ireland, The New — VIII. Sydney Brooks. *North American*.
 Japan Winning the Pacific. E. G. Bogart. *World's Work*.
 Jury, The Grand. John P. Ryan. *Appleton*.
 Kaiser, The, as Restorer of old German Castles. *Munsey*.
 Labor Movement in England, The. Wm. Mallory. *Munsey*.
 Labor, Organized: Its Wants. Samuel Gompers. *McClure*.
 Lincoln-Douglas Debates, The. F. T. Hill. *Century*.
 Lions that Stopped a Railroad. J. H. Patterson. *World's Work*.
 London "Times" and our Civil War. G. H. Putnam. *Putnam*.
 Mansfield, Richard — III. Paul Wiltach. *Scribner*.
 Meat Inspection, Government. G. E. Mitchell. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Medical Fees. A. C. Heffenger. *North American*.
 Millennium, Man's Machine-made. H. Maxim. *Cosmopolitan*.
 More of More. Charles Battell Loomis. *Putnam*.
 Motor Boat, Across Europe by — VII. H. C. Rowland. *Appleton*.
 Musical Outlook, The Season's. Lawrence Gilman. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Music-Lover Self-Revealed, The. Annie N. Meyer. *Putnam*.
 Navy, The Fight for a New. *McClure*.
 New York a Hundred Years Ago. *Munsey*.
 Occult Forces, Our Usable. Lida A. Churchill. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Ocean Sunrises, The Contest for. L. Perry. *World's Work*.
 Paderewski on Music. D. G. Mason. *Century*.
 Panama and the Canal. Hugh C. Welr. *Putnam*.
 "Paradise Lost," Another Source of. N. Douglas. *Atlantic*.
 Party Government. Goldwin Smith. *North American*.
 Patagonian Explorations. Charles W. Furlong. *Harper*.
 Peace Conference of 1865, The. Jefferson Davis. *Century*.
 Philippines, Independence of the. William H. Taft, William J. Bryan, and E. P. Egan. *Everybody's*.
 Pittsburg, Charles Henry White. *Harper*.
 Plague War, San Francisco's. A. C. Keane. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Play, The, and Plain People. Brander Matthews. *Metropolitan*.
 Playhouse Revisited, The. F. M. Colby. *Bookman*.
 Playwright's Strange Adventures. A. I. S. Cobb. *Munsey*.
 Presidents' Sons. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.
 Pretender, The Carlist, to Spain's Throne. *Munsey*.
 Problem Play, Moral Aspects of the. L. W. Flaccus. *Atlantic*.
 Problems of the Past and Present. Charles de Kay. *Putnam*.
 Prosperity, Foundations of. Gifford Pinchot. *North American*.
 Railroads and Prosperity. Katherine Coman. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Raphael's Greatness. Kenyon Cox. *Scribner*.
 Rest, The Way to. Eustace Miles. *Metropolitan*.
 "Restoring" Works of Art. Frank J. Mather. *Atlantic*.
 Rockefeller, John D. Alfred Henry Lewis. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Rockefeller, John D., Reminiscences of. *World's Work*.
 Sateradal, The. H. H. D. Petros. *Metropolitan*.
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, Familiar Letters of. *McClure*.
 Sea and Music, The. Lawrence Gilman. *Harper*.
 Seina, The. Marie Van Vorst. *Harper*.
 Self-Government in Public Schools. Bertha H. Smith. *Atlantic*.
 Senators, Popular Election of. Emmet O'Neal. *North American*.
 "Shadow World" Prize Winners. Hamlin Garland. *Everybody's*.
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 Skies, Men Who Work Near the. Ernest Poole. *Everybody's*.
 Sky-scrapers and their Problems. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Snuff-boxes. Holbrook White. *Atlantic*.
 South American Presidents, Two. C. M. Pepper. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Speech, Gentle. Price Collier. *North American*.
 Speed on Land, on Sea, in Air. C. H. Cochrane. *Metropolitan*.
 Sultan of Turkey, The. N. C. Adossides. *American*.
 Sunday, Right and Wrong Use of. Chas. F. Aked. *Appleton*.
 Supreme Court and the President, The. Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. *Broadway*.
 Telephones on the Farm. Harris Dickson. *Broadway*.
 Thanksgiving, The "Truly." E. L. Sabin. *Lippincott*.
 Town Building, Mutual, in England. W. Miller. *World's Work*.
 Vanderbilt Fortune, The. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
 Walker, Horatio, The Art of. Charles H. Caffin. *Harper*.
 Wall Street Nuisance, The. H. N. Casson. *Broadway*.
 War Devices, Newest. A. B. Reeve. *Broadway*.
 War with Flying Machines. Frederick Todd. *World's Work*.
 Washington: Its Seamy Side. J. C. Welliver. *Munsey*.
 West, Old Days in the. C. B. Bronson. *McClure*.
 Whitman, Walt, Letters of. *Putnam*.
 Widows, Investing for. *World's Work*.
 Woman Movement in England, The. C. F. Aked. *No. Amer.*
 Woman's Choice, The, in Recent Novels. F. T. Cooper. *Bookman*.
 Woman's Dress, The Psychology of. W. L. Thomas. *American*.
 Women Who Work. Wm. Hard and R. C. Dorr. *Everybody's*.
 Write, Learning to. Havelock Ellis. *Atlantic*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 219 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of Henry Irving.** By Austin Brereton. In 2 vols., 8vo, illus. in photogravure, color, etc. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$6.50 net.
- Two English Queens and Philip.** By Martin Hume. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 498. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50 net.
- My Life.** By Josiah Flynt. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 365. Outing Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- Chaucer and His England.** By G. G. Coulton. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 321. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75 net.
- Rousseau and the Women He Loved.** By Francis Gribble. Illus. in photogravure, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 443. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 net.
- The Holland House Circle.** By Lloyd Sanders. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 384. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
- Madame de Pompadour.** By H. Noel Williams. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 430. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.
- Lincoln, Master of Men: A Study in Character.** By Alonso Rothchild. Anniversary edition; with portrait in photogravure, 12mo, pp. 531. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

- The Making of the English Constitution.** By Albert Beebe White. 8vo, pp. 410. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- The Story of the Pharaohs.** By James Baikie. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 380. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Story of the New England Whalers.** By John R. Spears. 12mo, pp. 418. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- The Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France, 1789-1907.** By Frank Maloy Anderson. Revised edition; 12mo, pp. 693. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co. \$2.50 net.
- Minnesota: The North Star State.** By William Watts Falwell. With map, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 383. "American Commonwealths." Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Magazine Writing and the New Literature.** By Henry Mills Alden, with portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 320. Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.
- At Large.** By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 435. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life.** By H. G. Wells. 12mo, pp. 307. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day.** By George Saintsbury. Vol. II., Shakespeare to Crabbe. 8vo, uncut, pp. 682. Macmillan Co. \$3.75 net.
- An Incarnation of the Snow.** Translated from the Hindu by F. W. Bain. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 108. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Knack of It: Some Essays in Optimism.** By Charles Battell Loomis. 12mo, pp. 181. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cts. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- Works of William Ernest Henley.** Vols. V. and VI., Views and Reviews; Vol. VII., Plays. 12mo, gilt tops. London: David Nutt. (Sold only in sets of 7 vols.)
- The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.** Eversley Edition, annotated by Alfred Tennyson and edited by Hallam Tennyson. Vol. V.; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 674. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Two Dramatisations from Vergil: I., Dido, the Phœnician Queen; II., The Fall of Troy.** Arranged and translated into English verse by Frank Justus Miller. Illus., 12mo, pp. 120. University of Chicago Press. \$1. net.
- Conan Phillips.** By Mrs. Gaskell, with Introduction by Thomas Seccombe; illus. in color, etc., by M. V. Wheelhouse. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 157. London: George Bell & Sons.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

- Mater: An American Study in Comedy.** By Percy Mackaye. 12mo, uncut, pp. 162. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Way of Perfect Love.** By Georgiana Goddard King. 12mo, pp. 108. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

An Earth Poem, and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalilba, with Introduction by Edwin Markham. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 228. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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FICTION.

- The Diva's Ruby: A Sequel to "Prima Donna" and "Fair Margaret."** By F. Marion Crawford. Illus., 12mo, pp. 490. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Over Bemerton's: An Easy-Going Chronicle.** By E. V. Lucas. 12mo, pp. 281. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
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- Judith of the Cumberlands.** By Alice McGowan. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 408. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Desire.** By Una L. Silberrad. 12mo, pp. 378. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- The Right Man.** By Brian Hooker; illus. in color by Alonso Kimball. 12mo, pp. 180. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
- The Sovereign Good.** By Helen Huntington. 12mo, pp. 388. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Three Girls and a Hermit.** By Dorothea Conger. 12mo, pp. 328. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
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- The Bachelor and the Baby.** By Margaret Cameron. 16mo, uncut, pp. 42. Harper & Brothers. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

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- With the Battle Fleet.** By Franklin Matthews. Illus., 12mo, pp. 321. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.
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- Racial Contrasts: Distinguishing Traits of the Græco-Latina and Teutons.** By Albert Gehring. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 236. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

- National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer.** By Stanton Coit. 8vo, pp. 467. London: Williams & Norgate.
- Some Answered Questions Collected and Translated from the Persian of 'Abdu' l-Baha.** By Laura Clifford Barney. 8vo, uncut, pp. 244. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

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- Conditions of Life in the Sea: A Short Account of Quantitative Marine Biological Research.** By James Johnstone. Illus., 8vo, pp. 322. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
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- Massing of Spheres: A Geometrical Demonstration of the Constitution of Matter.** By G. Y. Stevens. Part I., The Determination of the Atomic Weights and Dimensions of the Ether and the Elements. Illus., 8vo, pp. 21. London: J. Haalam & Co.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

- The Standard Domestic Science Cook Book.** By William H. Lee and Jennie A. Hansey. Gift edition; illus. in color, etc., 8vo, pp. 522. Laird & Lee. \$2.50.
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- The Book of the Pearl: The History, Art, Science, and Industry of the Queen of Gems.** By George Frederick Kunz and Charles Hugh Stevenson. Illus. in photogravure, color, etc., 4to, gilt top, pp. 548. Century Co. \$12.50 net.
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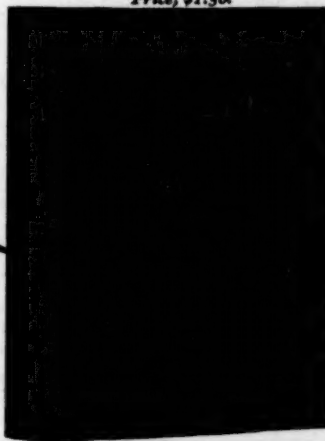
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